Vol. CXLIII. No. 1864.

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THE BYSTANDER September 6, 1939

The BYSTANDER

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Stage : Films : Books : Sport : Society

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What's On

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

September 6—September 12

First Night and Matinee days are correct at going to press, but readers are advised to check them with the dailies

THEATRES

Straight Plays

BUXTON FESTIVAL.—The Old Vic Company in *Romeo and Juliet, The Devil's Disciple, The Good Natur'd Man, Viceroy Sarah.*

THE CORN IS GREEN.—Emlyn Williams's biographical play is full of life; Sybil Thorndike as a go-ahead Welsh schoolmistress, Williams as her genius protégé: Duchess, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

COUNTERFEIT.—Comedy and gangsterism agreeably mixed, plus an ingenious surprise for the audience; a pleasing performance: Duke of York's, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

GROUSE IN JUNE.—A fresh and witty light comedy about Americans in Scotland with Richard Goolden, Constance Lorne, Billie Ryan: Criterion, 8.40. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST.—Careful production and powerful cast—Gielgud, Edith Evans, Peggy Ashcroft, Gwen Ffrangçon-Davies—revive this frothy Wilde: Globe, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

MALVERN FESTIVAL.—Six new plays comprise the programme; by Shaw, S. I. Hsiung, Sir Robert Vansittart, Bridie, Alexander Knox and Misses Price and Miller: Malvern Winter Garden Theatre.

THE MAN IN HALF MOON STREET.—Barré Lyndon's thriller, with Leslie Banks as the centre of the mystery, is now at the Piccadilly, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

MUSIC AT NIGHT.—The first play of the Mask Theatre season is Priestley's from last year's Malvern, about depths of consciousness, with Jean Cadell, Alison Leggatt, Milton Rosmer: Westminster, 8.30.

SPOTTED DICK.—A typical Travers' farce, with Robertson Hare, Alfred Drayton, and Joyce Barbour in a scrummage with some jewels: Strand, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

STRATFORD FESTIVAL.—Shakespeare's plays in his birthplace by a good company: Memorial Theatre, Stratford-on-Avon, 8. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

TONY DRAWS A HORSE.—Good light entertainment at the expense of Lilian Braithwaite's respectability outraged by Diana Churchill: Comedy, 8.30. Wed., Fri., 2.30.

THE WOMEN.—Clare Boothe's play hands raps to most of her sex in a bright, big, all-American production led by Karen Peterson: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

With Music

BLACK AND BLUE.—Frances Day and Vic Oliver head a lively cast and chorus in this "intimate rag": Hippodrome, 6.30 and 9.

THE DANCING YEARS.—Glamorous Vienna of waltzes is Ivor Novello's current musical setting with Mary Ellis and Roma Beaumont: Drury Lane, 8. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

FARJEON'S LITTLE REVUE.—The author and the cast (Hermione Baddeley, Cyril Ritchard, etc.) of *Nine Sharp* turn further witty lights on contemporary phenomena: Little, 9. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE GATE REVUE.—Walter Crisham and Hermione Gingold head the cast in this witty Christmas piece turned perennial: Ambassadors, 9. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

ME AND MY GIRL.—Lupino Lane and Teddie St. Denis continue to hand out laughs generously in the low-down on high life: Victoria Palace, 6.20 and 9.

REVUDEVILLE No. 126.—Unique and intimate style of entertainment in a cosy theatre; ballet, humour, song and slapstick are mixed topically with revudebelles to flavour: Windmill, 1.30-11.30 non-stop.

SITTING PRETTY.—Round the world with Sydney Howard, Vera Pearce, Arthur Riscoe, Patricia Burke in a jolly musical of good old style: Princes, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

UNDER YOUR HAT.—Jack Hulbert and Cicely Courtneidge's return to musical comedy is a glorious roar from start to finish: Palace, 8.15. Tues., Thurs. 2.30.

Variety

VARIETIES can be seen in London at the Palladium (6.25 and 9); the Holborn Empire (6.30 and 9); and the Prince of Wales's (2-11.30 non-stop).

First Night

I CAN TAKE IT.—Jessie Matthews and Sonnie Hale return to musical comedy, she as a temperamental film star, he as her director: Coliseum, Tues. 12th

Lesley Osmond, of "Revudeville"

She is a comparatively new recruit to the consistent yet ever-changing attractions of "Revudeville" at the Windmill Theatre

CINEMAS

BACHELOR MOTHER (American).—A baby at first unclaimed becomes the link between Ginger Rogers and David Niven in a series of silly situations: Gaumont.

BEAU GESTE (American).—The old exciting Legion stuff remade with Gary Cooper, Ray Milland and Robert Preston as the Gestes: Plaza.

DODGE CITY (American).—A tough Western in Technicolor; pioneers, tricksters; Errol Flynn, Olivia de Havilland, Ann Sheridan: Warner.

LA FEMME DU BOULANGER (French).—A coarse, jolly, satirical tale of Provençal village life; trade, feuds, cocuage and Raimu: Berkeley.

FIVE CAME BACK (American).—Chester Norris, Wendy Barrie, C. Aubrey Smith, and a crash in the jungle: New Gallery.

IDIOT'S DELIGHT (American).—Clarke Gable and Norma Shearer in a fair film of Sherwood's war play: Tivoli.

THE MAN IN THE IRON MASK (American).—A new version of the Dumas' romantic, with Joan Bennett and Louis Hayward and Schildkraut among the musketeers: Odeon.

PROFESSOR MAMLOCK (Russian).—A gripping personal story of a sympathetic Jewish surgeon and his fate on Nazi accession to power: Academy.

RETOUR À L'AUBE (French).—Danielle Darrieux and Pierre Dux act well, but have a poor story and not brilliant direction: Studio One.

WHISPERING ENEMIES (American).—Underground methods of American business are used and then spurned by Jack Holt, Dolores Costello: London Pavilion.

YOUNG MR. LINCOLN (American).—A lively and well-turned piece upon an unknown incident in Abe Lincoln's youth; Henry Fonda excellent in the name-part: Leicester Square.

BALLET

THE BALLET RUSSE DE MONTE CARLO.—A two-weeks' programme under Massine, with the L.P.O., at Covent Garden:

COPPELIA, GAÎTÉ PARISIENNE.—To-day, 6th, 2.30.

CARNAVAL, ROUGE ET NOIR, TRICORNE.—To-night, 6th, 8.45.

SYLPHIDES, DIABLE S'AMUSE, GAÎTÉ PARISIENNE.—Thurs., 7th, 8.45.

SEVENTH SYMPHONY, CAPRICCIO ESPAGNOL, BOUTIQUE FANTASQUE.—Fri., 8th, 8.45.

CARNAVAL, ROUGE ET NOIR, DIABLE S'AMUSE.—Sat., 9th, 2.30.

SYLPHIDES, SEVENTH SYMPHONY, BOUTIQUE FANTASQUE.—Sat., 9th, 8.45.

LAC DES CYGNES, CAPRICCIO ESPAGNOL, L'APRÈS-MIDI D'UN FAUNE, BOUTIQUE FANTASQUE.—Mon. 11th, 8.45.

ELFES, BOGATYRI, TRICORNE.—Tues., 12th, 8.45.

MUSIC

THE PROMS.—Sir Henry Wood conducts the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra at the Queen's Hall, nightly at 8:

BRAHMS CONCERT.—Tragic Overture, piano concerto in B flat (Cyril Smith), 4th Symphony; also first London performance of Arwel Hughes' Fantasia in A minor (composer conducts): to-night, 6th.

SIBELIUS CONCERT.—En Saga Tone Poem, "Luonnotar" (May Blyth), 2nd and 3rd symphonies, two episodes from "Kalevala": Thurs, 7th.

BEETHOVEN-HANDEL CONCERT.—Beethoven's 1st symphony, Emperor Concerto (Lamond), 3rd Leonora overture, "Ah, Perfido!" (Florence Easton); Handel's organ concerto in D minor (Thalben-Ball). D minor overture (arr. Elgar): Fri., 8th.

RUSSIAN CONCERT.—Three soloists in a Glinka, Rimsky-Korsakov, Borodin, Rachmaninoff, Stravinsky, Tchaikowsky (1812 overture) programme: Sat., 9th.

WAGNER CONCERT.—Three soloists in excerpts from the operas: Mon., 11th.

MOZART CONCERT.—Serenata Notturna, piano concerto in G (Myra Hess), bassoon concerto (Archie Camden), 40th symphony: Tues., 12th.

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The Bystander

Tommy Atkins Goes Off with a Smile

Not for twenty-one years has a British private soldier seemed the most important picture of the week. Now, in September 1939, we have once more learnt what it is like to see uniform in the streets, the 'buses, the restaurants, to see chaps like this going to their depots with their girls, smiling like the chaps did in 1914. She carries his knapsack and his Short Lee-Enfield, he carries her handbag, his kitbag. "Join the Territorial Army" says the notice on the car window

***The King** last week, accompanied by the Duke of Gloucester and attended by Sir Alexander Hardinge, went to see how some of his Ministries would work if the enemy destroyed the buildings. At the War Office, Mr. Hore-Belisha showed them underground retreats where telephone connection could be maintained in no matter what overground maelstrom (here they leave that Ministry). At the Air Ministry and Office of Works similar preparations were demonstrated*

The Passing Hour

Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

WITH the German terms to Poland occupying my mind, I set out on the long-familiar journey from my flat to the BYSTANDER office. The first thing which caught my eye at the underground station was a poster announcing "Danzig Seized." At the other end of the journey there was "Warsaw reported bombed," and before I actually reached the office there was "Poland invaded: Official."

THE German terms were almost exactly on the Czechoslovak model of last year. First the key-point to be surrendered at once; then a plebiscite in certain areas, under conditions by which a German victory could easily be assured; and the cession of certain strategic advantages with which Poland itself could easily be overrun within a few months. Naturally it was utterly impossible to accept them.

THE difference in outlook of the ordinary man and woman between Munich and to-day is amazing. Last year all was near-panic. This year everyone is cool and resolute. Sir Archibald Sinclair expressed the difference in noble words last week in the House of Commons: "Moving about as I do among people of all kinds, knowing them to be open to rumours of every sort and kind, and seeing the men and women of their own families and of their own friends being called up one by one to national duties of different kinds, and lacking the sure sources of information which are open at this time to Members of Parliament, I am astonished in this hour of suspense and anxiety at their firmness, coolness, dignity and patience."

ALL day long, as I sit in my window and write this, a regiment is mobilising in the street below. The men tramp along from their Headquarters to their equipment-depot and back again, unendingly. It is interesting for an old soldier of Inkerman and Balaclava like myself to observe the customs of the new armies. I heard an officer giving orders to a couple of men, ending up with the words, "Would you mind doing that, like good fellows?" I expect the results are the same as in my day. But the methods are different.

AFTER the decision the other day of the National Union of Railwaymen not to have anything to do with a railstrike, but to continue with conciliation in the wage-dispute, comes another important patriotic gesture from organised labour. The engineers have agreed to waive one of their most jealously-guarded rights, and admit dilution of labour in arms-manufacture.

IN any other times it would have been of prime importance that the Croats and the Serbs have at last come to an agreement. And the time may well come in the near future when it will be of prime importance. A disunited Balkan country is a standing invitation to Fascist intrigue, and the closing of the Yugoslav ranks removes that invitation.

NO one in their senses can sympathise with the detestable terrorists of the I.R.A., but also one cannot sympathise with the Liverpool mobs which, twice in ten days, have almost lynched an innocent man. Lynch-law is a negation of the system of justice which has been won by the eternal vigilance of the English people over a thousand years. It is the civil parallel to Nazism in international affairs, and to life in the jungle.

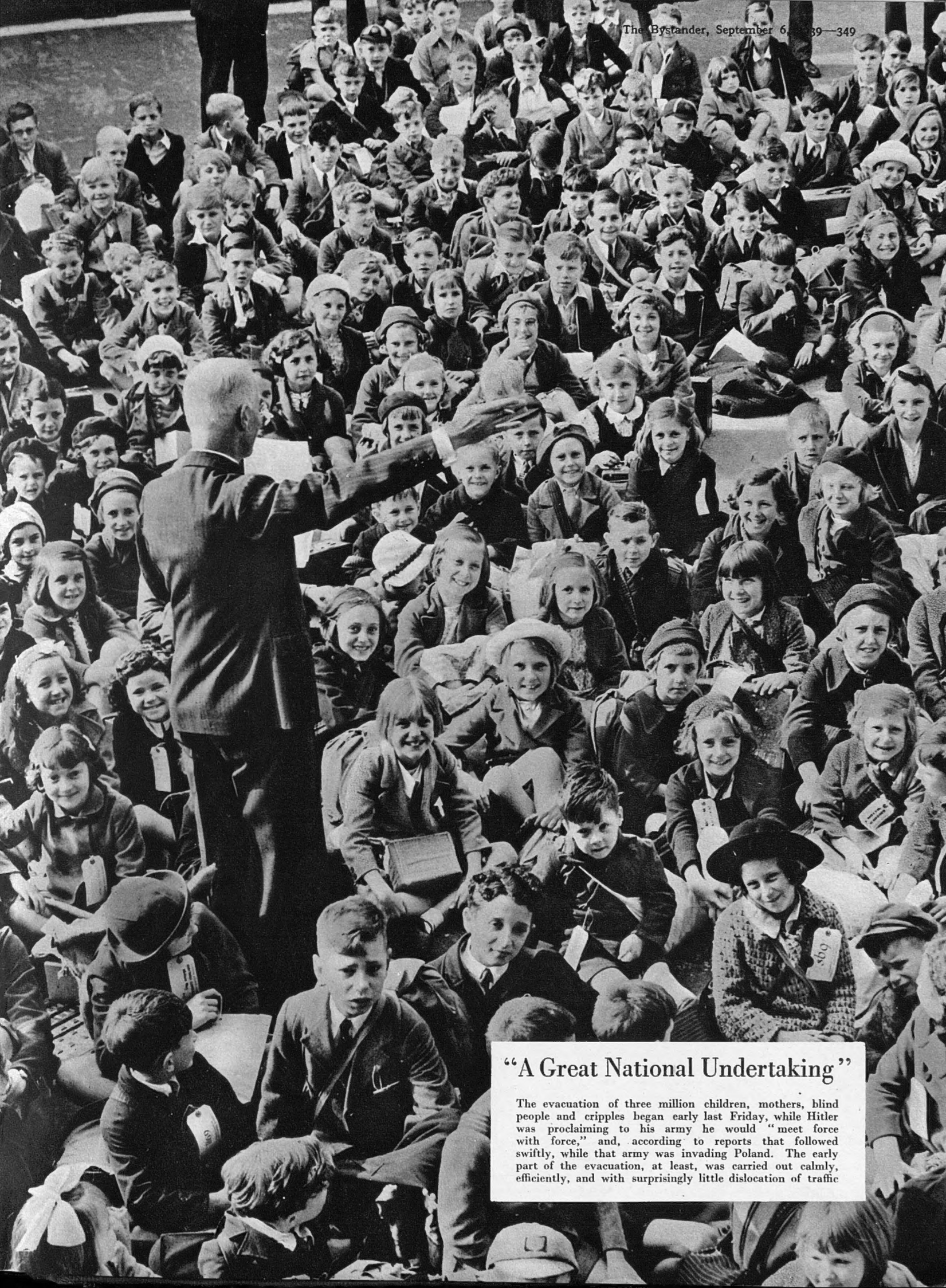
THE Stone of Destiny has been removed from Westminster Abbey for safety. Speaking as a Scotsman, I think it would be better if it was sent back to Scotland for decency.

I WAS lunching with Alan Thomas, former book-reviewer of the BYSTANDER and now editor of the *Listener*, and that celebrated flâneur, boulevardier, vieux marcheur and general pest, Mr. Wyndham Lewis, and we were speculating, as old soldiers will, whether any of the troops had gone to France yet. And we agreed that if they had, by this time, thousands of little children between Boulogne and Abbeville would be shouting "Biskeet, biskeet," as their parents did before them. And we wondered how long it would be before they were singing "Après la guerre finit, les anglais partis."

IT is one of our most celebrated platitudes to say that in a crisis the English never lose their sense of humour and, oddly enough, it is fairly near the truth. Mr. James Bone, most famous journalist in all Fleet Street, was looking at war preparations in the City the other day, and he saw sandbags being piled up in front of a big sugar firm's offices. Someone had chalked up on the wall, "Business as usual."

WITHIN a minute of hearing that, I was rung up by Noel Coward's new leading lady, Leonora Corbett, who

(*Concluded on page 350*)



"A Great National Undertaking"

The evacuation of three million children, mothers, blind people and cripples began early last Friday, while Hitler was proclaiming to his army he would "meet force with force," and, according to reports that followed swiftly, while that army was invading Poland. The early part of the evacuation, at least, was carried out calmly, efficiently, and with surprisingly little dislocation of traffic

The New Unity in Yugo-Slavia

When the agreement between Dr. Vlado Matchek, leader of the Croat Peasant Party, and the Serb Prime Minister, M. Tsvetkovitch, was at last reached and approved by Regent Prince Paul, a new era began in Yugo-Slavia. The Croats have attained the autonomy for which they struggled for twenty years. Here the two leaders drive amicably from their interview with the Regent. Small sturdy spectacled Matchek is now Deputy Premier

Sir Nevile Henderson's Return to Berlin

To the rat-tat of drums the British Ambassador entered the Chancellery in Berlin on Monday night, last week. He had just arrived by 'plane and was delivering to Hitler the British Cabinet's reply to the first German Note in the long diplomatic exchange that began on August 23rd. Walking up the steps with the Ambassador is Dr. Meisner, Secretary of State. Standing on the left is Herr Bruckner, Hitler's personal aide-de-camp. On Wednesday Sir Nevile Henderson paid another midnight visit, this time to Herr von Ribbentrop, to deliver another British message

The Passing Hour

(*Continued from page 348*)

gave me the information that Germany is using, instead of tea, an infusion of dandelions, lime-blossom, and dried herbs. "Thanks very much for the news," I said, "but what of it?" "They're all saying to each other," she replied, "let's have a nasty cup of tea," and she rang off before I had time to think of my answer, which was, half an hour later, of course, that Hitler has thrown Lipton to the dandelions.

ANOTHER good one has reached me. A car, leading the queue at the red traffic light, hesitated to move on when the lights went green. A taxi-driver behind leant out and shouted, "Come on, Hitler, make up your mind." The man did make up his mind after a moment or two, and so, apparently, has Hitler.

"SAY fish church," ordered Lina, in Shaw's *Misalliance*, and when the bewildered characters are muttering "fish church" over and over again, she suddenly says: "Now say 'Szczepanowska,'" and they find they can do it easily. This is a prelude to a Polish lesson. We are back to the Przemysl of 1914. (And don't listen to the *Daily Telegraph*. Its Polish lesson was full of nonsense.)

Sz is pronounced Sh.
Cz is Ch.
w is always v.
c is ts.

And every word is accented on the last syllable but one. And, lastly, don't bother about the complicated "l," or the "drz," or the funny little accent under an occasional letter which means an extra "n." They're too difficult for you, anyway.

A RETIRED admiral of my acquaintance has just got a ground-job in the Air Force. He hurried off to his tailors and said, "I want a uniform." The senior tailor bowed and said to a subordinate, "Stand by to build a vice-admiral's uniform for the vice-admiral." "No," replied the gallant salt, "I'm now a flight-lieutenant." Hearty and obsequious laughter greeted this marine crack, but it wasn't until the needle-and-thread boys had telephoned to the Admiralty and the Air Ministry that they consented to start work. And they almost telephoned to Harley Street.

DR. FRANK ("Call me an Oxonian") BUCHMAN has broadcast to the world that "every individual is responsible for the present situation. We are all guilty." An American woman, famous for her eloquence and, may I say, bombast, said precisely the same thing twenty-five years ago to Professor Gilbert Murray. Professor Murray listened courteously and said at the end, "I think you are taking too much upon yourself, Madam."

RATHER in the spirit of "let's see it just once more," I went to Lord's for the third day of the Surrey v. Middlesex match, and afterwards I wished I hadn't. If that is my last match, it is sad that such a glorious game, which I have watched so many hundred times, should end so miserably. The sun was blazing, and the sparrows were at their gayest, and the grass was perfect. Middlesex had to make 426 in about five hours. If they won, they had still a faint chance of the Championship. If they lost, what did it matter? And, anyway, Armageddon was in the air. Incredible though it may sound, they made no effort to win, and played for a dismal draw. A sorry show.

IN the same gloomy spirit of Finality, I went to see Chelsea's opening game against Bolton Wanderers, and actually saw Chelsea score three goals, which convinced me more than ever that the world was coming to an end.

IT seems, then, there is nothing more to be said. Once again we stand where we stood in the Channel in 1588 when the Armada was approaching, where we stood at Blenheim, at Waterloo, and in 1914, face to face with the Powers of Darkness. So good luck to all of us, for we certainly shall need all the good luck there is.

Anthony

A German Citizen's Weekly Ration

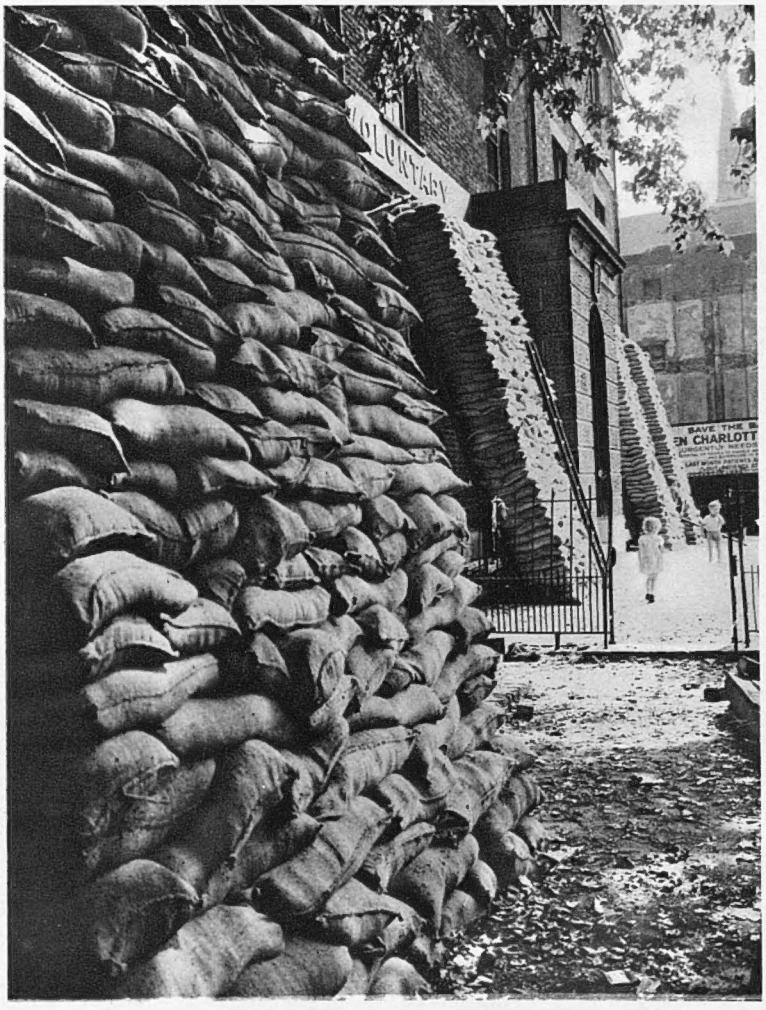
The heroic and disciplinary qualities of the German people were put to a stern test (and in places showed the strain) at the opening of last week, when many essential food-stuffs were rationed. For years this nation has saved for industry its meat-bones, its egg-shells, its razor-blades, its tooth-paste tubes, and so on in a manner which is at once noble and pathetic. But September 1939 saw pink ration-cards abroad again in earnest, reminding the old of the blockade days of 1918, the young of their leader's many fierce complaints. Rationed supplies were in two categories: what Germany would need for waging war (fats, oils, coal), and what she would at once lack in war (tea, coffee, sugar). The weekly ration per person, here illustrated, is as follows: 25 oz. of meat (including tinned meats, sausages, meat pies, etc.); 2½ pints of liquid milk; 10 oz. of all kinds of sugar; 5 oz. of cereals (porridge, tapioca, corn-flakes, etc.); 14 oz. of milk by-products, substitutes and fats, that is, of butter, margarine, lard, cheese; 2 oz. of soap; 2 oz. of coffee substitute plus ¼ oz. of coffee; ¾ oz. of tea; and 4 oz. of jam and conserves. Not in the picture is a handful (½ oz.) of pulses or lentils; and coal, which was also rationed. Bread, potatoes, green vegetables, fruit and eggs were not actually rationed, though dear

News Reel: Even those who went on as usual knew they went on as usual under the shadow of the unusual!

***Parachutes** are the concern of Miss Ena Spencer, who now controls the Spencer Balloon and Parachute Works in North London. Great-granddaughter of Edward Spencer, the pioneer aeronaut, she made her first balloon ascent at twelve months, her first parachute descent at fifteen years, now works overtime in her factory on parachutes for the R.A.F. Here, cutting sections (parachutes are made in sections to prevent any tear spreading)*

***Pets** are the concern of the Animal Defence and Anti-Vivisection Society, and their animals began evacuation two days before human Londoners (see p. 349). Here the Duchess of Hamilton, president of the Society, leads out two pets from headquarters in St. James's Square*

***Foreign Affairs** were the concern of peers and gallery-ites who attended the Lords' debate on Tuesday of last week, when the Foreign Secretary told a full house, while his chief told "the other place," that things were no better, no worse. Lady Meade-Fetherstonhaugh arrived with the Serjeant-at-Arms, Major-Gen. Sir Charles Corkran*



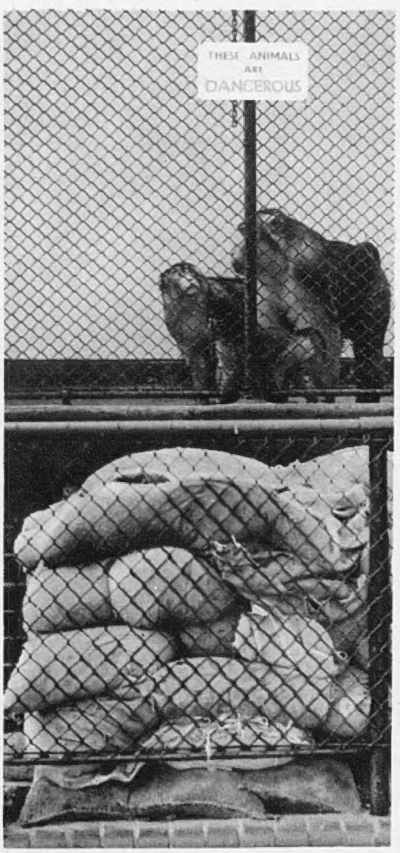
***Sandbags** were the concern of every important building last week, and filling and piling went on all over London, sand being at a premium. Though this precaution will do little against a direct hit—as little will—fragments of projectile which might wreck masonry bury themselves harmlessly in sand. This pile is against Queen Charlotte's Hospital, Euston Road*

***"Joy of Travel,"** said a showcard in the sandbagged windows of the Blue Star shipping company's agency in Regent Street, and this innocent comment came apropos to many millions who wondered last week where they'd be next week. The Blue Star cruise ship, Arandora Star, wisely changed plans to the much-in-demand route to New York*

***Lance-Corporal's** uniform was seen in the House of Lords, almost certainly for the first time, when Lord Wolverton, thirty-five-year-old baron in the Territorials, went on special leave to hear Lord Halifax's statement. Hitler and Napoleon were lance-corporals*

***Emperor Haile-Selassie,** victim of the war before the war before last (Spain v. Spain, China v. Japan, Italy v. Abyssinia), spent the week when England waited to see if her bout had arrived, down in the South Wales countryside, at Penllergaer, near Swansea. The Christian ex-Emperor was in camp with the staff and sixty boys of the Bible College of Wales, at which two of his nephews are students. Most of the boys in camp were children of refugees and missionaries. Here some of them wash up, watched by Haile Selassie*

***Not deterred** by the situation, which sent Americans westwards in droves, film star Maureen O'Sullivan, with her sister Sheila, turned up smiling to act in a British picture*



***Primitive creatures** in the Zoo, such as mandrills, marked Dangerous were protected by sand-bagging from the possible effects of their civilised cousins' doings*

***Achtung,** said the L.N.E.R. in a very enlightened manner last week (the same week a letter appealing against maltreatment of dachshunds got on "The Times" main page). The notice, in German and English, told travellers to Germany that through trains from the Hook were suspended, only locals to Rotterdam and Emmerich being available*

"London Gazette"

Some Crisis-Week Promotions

Captain *is the former Lieut. Lord George Scott, 10th Royal Hussars. His regiment is mechanised and thus comes under the heading, Royal Armoured Corps. He is the Duke of Buccleuch's youngest brother, married Molly Bishop last year*

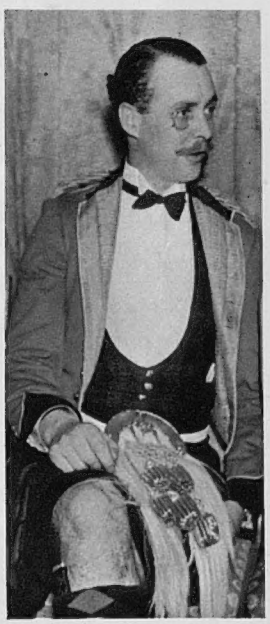
Captain *is a Grenadier Guards subaltern, William Richard de Bacquencourt des Voeux. He is the only son and heir of Col. Henry des Voeux, of Newtown Grange, Newbury, who is heir-presumptive to Sir Edward des Voeux, Bt.*

Lieutenant *in the Cameron Highlanders, promoted last week from Second Lieutenant, is Sir Francis Head. He is twenty-three next month, succeeded his father as fifth baronet in 1924. His mother lives in Brighton*

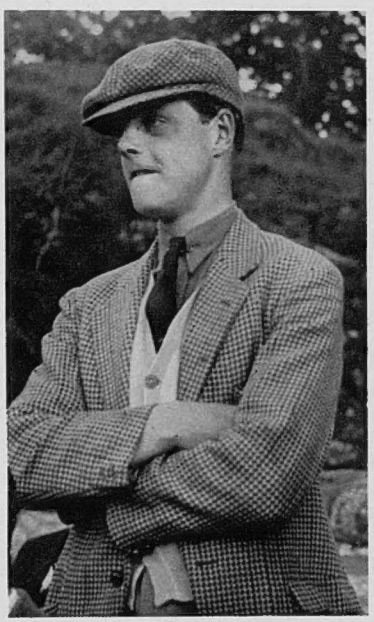
Captain *in the Royals (which is still a cavalry regiment) is the Hon. John Hamilton-Russell, Viscount Boyne's third son. His two elder brothers are also soldiers. He married Lady Diana Legge two years ago*

Lieutenant *in the Royal Horse Guards since last week is Sec.-Lt. David Smiley. He is the youngest brother of Sir Hugh Smiley, who is himself a Lieutenant in the Grenadier Guards (Reserve)*

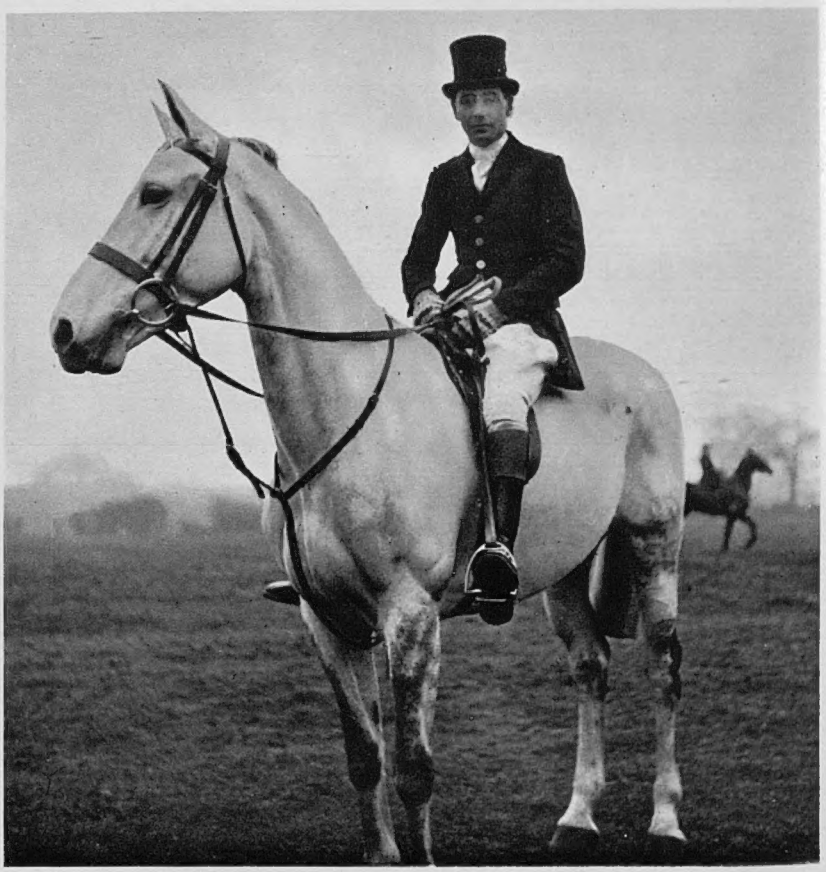
Lieutenant *Patrick Telfer-Smollett is in the H.L.I., his father's regt. Maj.-Gen. Telfer-Smollett is Lt.-Governor and C.-in-C., Guernsey and Alderney District*



Captain *Bernard Edward Fergusson is in the Black Watch, has been stationed at Woolwich as an instructor, was promoted last week. He is the youngest son of Sir Charles Fergusson, Bt.*



Lieutenant *in the Life Guards is the former Second-Lieut. the Hon. Anthony Ashley-Cooper, son of the Earl of Shaftesbury. His brother, Lord Ashley, is a Major in the Royal Wiltshire Yeomanry*



Lieutenant *in the Greys is James Hanbury. Like those of the rest of the young soldiers on this page, his promotion was gazetted on Tuesday last week. He is one of the richest eligibles in the country. His father, the late Evan Hanbury, was killed in action with the Leicestershire Yeomanry in the last war, was Master of the Cottesmore from 1900-7*

The Theatre

Belle Plumb, eternal loser: Joyce Barbour

Sketches by Rouson

"Spotted Dick" (Strand)

THE great moment is when Mr. Alfred Drayton, stealing with the bag of jewels across the darkened lounge of an ecclesiastically furnished night-club at Maidenhead, is pounced upon by the black-hearted butler. Mr. Drayton promptly tosses the bag to Mr. Robertson Hare, who, swerving round the butler with old-world courtesy, is collared by the equally black-hearted chauffeur. Then ensues (as the football reports still like to say) a very bright patch of play, the bag of jewels passing swiftly from hand to hand until a scrum is formed, the two hirelings, and Mr. Drayton and a Trenchard policeman and others heaving themselves strenuously into it as forwards, the ingénue and the mysterious lady in a night-gown skirting it as wing halves, the wicked owner of the night-club hovering over it anxiously as a referee, and someone in the wings (possibly the producer, Mr. Ralph Lynn) blowing a whistle. Out of this scrum, ten seconds before the curtain, rushes Mr. Hare, with the bag of jewels, but without his trousers.

One should perhaps apologise for describing at such length one incident in an evening presumably crowded with incident. But not only is this far and away the funniest of the evening's incidents, but its relation to the rest of the farce is precisely the relation of the Dumb Show in *Hamlet* to the play it introduces. Like the Dumb Show, it "tells all." The plot into which Mr. Ben Travers has fitted the bullying Mr. Drayton and the badgered Mr. Hare has all the wildness and some of the confusion of Rugby football. The jewels have been twice given as security for debt by persons who do not own them. One of the creditors has insured them, but they are actually in the possession of the other creditor. The lady in whose keeping they are supposed to be stages a sham burglary, and Mr. Hare finds himself in receipt of money paid on a bogus insurance claim. It becomes necessary (I still don't quite know why) for everyone concerned to recover the jewels by means of robbery with violence.

THE objection to this farcical tale is not, of course, its farcicality. It is that the situations are not defined with sufficient sharpness and there are some long quarters of an hour in which the comic muddle seems a great deal clearer to the muddlers on the stage than to the audience. That is a most undesirable state of things. If we are to watch people make extravagant fools of themselves, we ought to know precisely how they are doing it. But despite the occasional mistiness of the story, Mr. Hare and Mr. Drayton put up a very successful show. It is always easy to believe in Mr. Hare's infinite gullibility, always delightful to observe with what gallantry (like the short-sighted churchwarden squaring up to the blacksmith's bumpers) he enters upon every fresh spot of bother, and once on the spot he never forgets that he is an old Member of the Slocum Chess Club, and that the honour of the club is in his keeping. His reward is a respectability which not even de-bagging can destroy. And Mr. Drayton, though a bully and a coward, has the brand of heartiness which endears bullies and cowards in bar parlours the world over. These comedians can get along very well with an indifferent farce. They might almost, but not quite, get along without a supporting cast. A. V. C.

De-bagged — as usual: Robertson Hare

Scrum-half in a new game of Rugby: Alfred Drayton

Tackled high: Patrick Barr and Percy Parsons

Standing By . . .

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

"Sherwood Archery Club? I have a complaint to make"

King John's original charter for Dunwich, Suffolk, A.D. 1210, granted to St. Felix's city—long drowned, with its 52 churches, chantries, monasteries and convents, at the bottom of North Sea—has been bought by Dunwich Town Trust for the present village on the cliffs; a mild but significant reminder to Poseidon that he can't grab quite everything at once. Simultaneously, archæologists have decided that a low regular breastwork of stone visible at low tide off the south-west Welch coast was not erected by human, or even Welch, hands, and has nothing to do with the legendary palace of a native chieftain, also submerged by the angry waves: we can't remember offhand whether this was Prince Seithenin the Drunk or another tenor. It would seem that having swallowed up Lyonesse the sea has turned its attention, like another big noise we all know, further East. It is still pounding away with unwearied, sinister vehemence at places like Scarborough, bellowing coarse threats every winter at the resident population (especially the old ladies) and vowing to get 'em in the end, as of course it will. Some time ago an expert discovered that Great Britain is slowly but regularly sinking back into the Azure Main, and in pessimistic moods we think this will be a good thing for everybody, a grand solution of all our troubles, and a very hygienic surprise for Bloomsbury. Perhaps at certain states of the tide sailors of the future will "feel" the summit of Ben Nevis or Cader Idris a fathom or two beneath their keels, as nowadays they "feel" those two high hills in the middle of the English Channel, one of which, called the Varne, very nearly pokes its head above the waves. A fat lot we shall be caring what they feel, the tarry puts.

When these islands have gone under, there will be noble legends about us, the splendour of our men, the beauty of our women, the spacious elegance of the palaces we all lived in. That's a fine consoling thought if you're momentarily tired of the homely pans of the Island Race, the arterial roads, the Fun Fairs, the golfers, the bungalows, the women milling round the shops in Oxford Street, the noise, the confusion, and the squalor.

"They're all relative, not relatives, Madam"

Purge

The city of Marsilho—a more musical name, being the ancient Provençal, than "Marseille"—is undergoing a municipal purge, it seems, in the best Hollywood manner, at the hands of a powerful Government Administrator Extraordinary, who is already extensively disliked by the grafters of that sinful Oriental cosmopolis. So far as we know this is the first time Marsilho has been cleaned up since the Phoceans founded the Old Port 3000 years ago: the Old Port which is so full of history and stenches, and where not so long ago Pascal roasted (possibly still roasts) his partridges over a fire of vine branches to singular perfection. Marsilho is a city practically everybody is glad to get out of, from sun-wrinkled sahibs homing out of the East with their mems (walking very briskly down the Cannebière, skirts twitched aside from all contact with the scandalous Phoceans) to the native Provençaux themselves. It is a city which always seems to us to be watching you with a crooked, cynical smile, and when the infernal *mistral* is blowing it is the most covertly hostile place we know, barring a certain Highland village—name withheld for reasons of fear—where we once tried to get a drink of water on a tropical Sabbath afternoon.

It can be no easy matter, harrying the grafters of Marsilho. From this city in the Revolution came the fierce dark wiry men who dragged their cannon all the way to Paris and sang that song which is so full of criticism and dislike:

"Marchons! Marchons! Qu'un sang impur
Abreuve nos sillons!"

And unless we're foully wrong, it was the Marseillais who invented defenestration, or the ceremony of chucking chaps obnoxious to them out of high windows into the Rhône. A difficult race, as their neighbours the French are the first to admit.

Idea

The newest A.R.P. black-out suggestion is that of a Colonel who wrote to the papers saying it would be a good idea if lath-and-canvas illuminated models of the principal buildings of London were built on spacious rafts and towed nightly into the North Sea. This seems to us, quite frankly, an unkind slur on the intelligence of every airman in the world, unless the Colonel was assuming that, like so many airmen, the enemy would be slightly bottled at the time; in which case he'd think it perfectly normal to find St. Paul's Cathedral or the Bank of England floating about, brightly lit, somewhere off Southend or Scarborough, and would have quite a lot

of fun trying to score a direct hit on the Dean (or Mr. Montagu Norman) as they heaved gently on the bitter wave. Having written this we read the Colonel's letter again five times with great care, to make certain he was serious, and in our view he was. No thumbnail sketch by Fougasse or Heath Robinson illustrated his theory, nor did he end with a snatch of gay song. He was putting it to the Editor as man to man.

It struck us later, meditating on this letter and on all the wonders of the western world, that a lath-and-canvas illuminated model of the Houses of Parliament anchored some miles off the coast would not deceive even a bottled airman unless a tremendous babble was ascending from it. This could be managed of course by a few Zoo records with amplifiers; yet (we thought) why not do it more cheaply still and put all the boys into it? No loss of life need be feared, since no enemy G.H.Q. in its senses would ever bomb the Commons, a body of men of supreme intelligence and impregnable virtue, a moral force and guide admired and respected by the whole world.

Crack

One of Auntie *Times's* boys, indulging in genteel whimsy on the topic of gents' braces, ruined an historic story recently, as was pointed out to him by a hurt admirer next day. He said it was Gladstone who growled at a nervous girl "Your stays creak," and some time later came back and growled "No, I 'm wrong. It 's my braces." Actually it was Tennyson. We 've told this story (which we love) more than once in this department, and if Auntie's boys rightly abhor lewd frivolities and flafla they can find the story in E. F. Benson's seemlier pages. Our own feeling, apart from a faint glow which comes over us whenever one of the self-sufficient takes a toss, is one of utter astonishment that anybody could ever accuse Mr. Gladstone of such speech and behaviour. This great and good man, who had little or no human faults, barring a perpetual tendency to regard himself politically as his Maker's mouthpiece, would no more have mentioned stays to a youthful British virgin than he would have turned a somersault in Westminster Abbey during Evensong. Whereas Tennyson, who wrote a lot of noble and lovely verse and was a very impressive public personage indeed, had a kind of blunt gruff short-tempered humour in private life—not quite Rabelaisian, but almost Robeylaisian. What Victoria's Laureate said to that American fan who crossed the Atlantic to recite *Maud* to him has never been recorded, so far as we know. Judging by the braces story, it ought to have been preserved, verbatim.

"Braces" was an appalling word for an English gentleman to hurl at a delicately-nurtured girl of that period (in New England decent people called them "gallowses"), and we often wonder if modern frankness hasn't robbed gents' underwear of some of its mysterious old-time glamour. For example, when chaps mention their vests or pyjamas at dinner-parties nowadays it evokes no pang of startled modesty in a maiden bosom. Whereas the Victorian maiden shrank even from the thought of guessing what her husband-to-be wore when he went to bed, and O, the breath-taking, dizzying surprise of that long flannel night-shirt, so cutely revealing six inches of manly leg on either side!

Nitchevo

It seems that nothing can be done, when war breaks out, to protect Liverpool's Anglican Cathedral from the bombers, and as it will make an admirable target, the Building Committee has nothing to do but fold its hands and wait for the worst. If Sir Giles Gilbert Scott's fabric must be left to its fate thus (we thought), what about Chartres? A little time ago the French Government of the day, which didn't give a blum for cathedrals—observe the significantly changed attitude of the present one—built a whacking great military aerodrome at Chartres, a stone's throw from the Cathedral, though they had the whole of the vast plain of the Beauce to choose a site from. The loveliest Gothic fane in the world is therefore already doomed, one might say. You may point out that, relatively speaking, most of the Spanish cathedrals escaped with their lives during the late civil war, even those which were gutted keeping their exterior still more or less intact. True; but had it turned into a major war we guess many of them would have been blown to flinders like Rheims, the restored fabric of which was re-consecrated only last year, just in time for the next war. Gunners can always trot out the old "observation-post" stuff.

Cathedrals, like men, are but mortal, though much more beautiful, and have to take their chance in a world full of raging yahoos. If the thought of Chartres and other European jewels being reduced to a heap of dust before long makes us melancholy, it is simply because the art of building such things has gone. When a fine tall church was destroyed by fire or fury at any time in the Middle Ages, chaps set to work diligently and raised up another in its place of equal or greater excellence, into which they built something that still exists, no doubt, but which doesn't seem to get itself expressed in stone and glass. If you 've ever listened to the breathing of Chartres Cathedral—the best time to hear it is in the very early morning, and the best place is the crypt-chapel of Notre-Dame de Sous-Terre, which is older than France—you 'll gather instantly what we mean. If you don't, please don't worry

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

"There's a man wants to know if you're needing a gas mask, Madam"

Films of the Day

One of Hollywood's Best This Year

By George Campbell

IF *Abe Lincoln in Illinois* had not been a terrific hit on Broadway, I don't suppose *Young Mr. Lincoln* would ever have been made. Robert E. Sherwood's play, with Raymond Massey as Lincoln, proved there was money in sincerity and sound writing. Hollywood producers started bidding frantically for the film rights, until the price reached £40,000 or £50,000; and while they were cutting each others' throats, Darryl Zanuck jumped in and produced a different Lincoln-in-Illinois story altogether. *Young Mr. Lincoln* doesn't affect the merits of Mr. Sherwood's masterpiece, but, so far as the screen is concerned, does rather discount its novelty.

"I've got a taste for something different," says young Abe Lincoln, the storekeeper, to his girl friend (she is not quite a sweetheart), Ann Rutledge. Many film fans have a taste for something different, too; and here is something to satisfy it. *Young Mr. Lincoln* is one of the finest productions that have come out of Hollywood this year—the sort of film that helps to make up for a score of disappointments, and gives dignity and stature to the screen.

The story is not strictly historical. I can find no reference to the "famous moonlight murder trial," referred to by Mr. Zanuck's press agents, and (seeing how carefully all the Lincoln ground has been tilled) references to "the story that has never been told" would be enough to suggest that the Hollywood boys have been at work. But maybe this is just my ignorance. Anyway, it is a good, prosaic, probable sort of murder, and the conduct of the case is entirely in the tradition of the place and time. A bully at a backwoods fair picks on two brothers, and, in the rough-and-tumble that follows, is killed by his own friend. The brothers are charged with murder, and soon the howl goes up: "Lynch them!" The drunken mob have a battering-ram at the gaol door when Lincoln takes his stand on the step and, by an adroit blend of truculence—he was notoriously the strongest man in the district—and shrewd, good-humoured philosophising, tries to change their mood. Last week I quoted a slab of Hollywood dialogue at its worst. Here is Lamar Trotti's rendering of Lincoln's plea to the mob:

LINCOLN: All joking aside, let's look at this matter from my side. Why, you all know I'm just a fresh lawyer trying to get ahead, but some of you boys act like you want to do me out of my first clients!

MEN: Go ahead, Abe.—Let him alone.

LINCOLN: I'm not saying you fellows are not right. Maybe these boys do deserve to hang, but with me handling their case, it don't look like you'll have much to worry about on that score. (*Laughter.*) All I'm asking is to have it done with some legal pomp and show.

1ST MAN: That's all right, Abe, but how about our side of it?

2ND MAN: We've gone to a heap of trouble not to have at least one hanging.

LINCOLN: Sure you have, Mac, and if these boys had more than one life, I'd say go ahead. Maybe a little hanging mightn't do them any harm. But the sort of hanging you boys'd give them would be so—so *permanent*. (*Laughter.*) The trouble is when men start taking the law into their own hands, they're just as apt, in all the confusion and fun, to start hanging somebody who's not a murderer as somebody who is. Then the next thing you know, they're hanging one another just for fun—till it gets to the place a man can't pass a tree or look at a rope without feeling uneasy. We seem to lose our heads in times like this—we do things together that we'd be mighty ashamed to do by ourselves. For instance, you take Jeremiah Carter yonder. There's not a finer, more decent, God-fearing man in Springfield than Jeremiah Carter, and I wouldn't be surprised if when he goes home he takes down a certain Book and looks into it. Maybe he'll just happen to hit on these words: "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy." (*To the men with the log*) Why don't you put it down for a spell, boys? Ain't it getting heavy? (*They put it down.*) That's all I've got to say, friends. Good-night.

The trial scene is written, directed and acted with the same characteristic humour:

LINCOLN: Sheriff, did you ever hear about the fix the man was in when he was coming down the road with a pitchfork on his shoulder, and a farmer's dog ran out and bit him in the leg?

SHERIFF: No, sir. That must have been out of my district.

LINCOLN: Well, then, you probably don't recall that in defending himself he stuck one of the prongs of the pitchfork into the dog and killed him. The farmer got pretty mad. "What made you kill my dog?" he said. "Oh," the fellow said, "what made your dog bite me?" "Well," the farmer said, "why—why didn't you go after him with the other end?" To which the man replied: "Well, why didn't your dog come at me with the other end?"

JUDGE (*laughing heartily*): Pretty good, Gil?"

EFE: Abe, tell him the one about the mule. (*Laughter.*)

JUDGE (*remembering*): Order! Order! Get going, Lincoln.

LINCOLN: Now, Sheriff, let's just suppose that my two defendants here were like the man with the pitchfork. Only let's say they've got a knife. And Scrub White was the farmer's dog, only instead of teeth, he's got a pistol. Well, now, wouldn't you say it was a matter of self-defence to use that blade so long as Scrub didn't come at them with the other end of the pistol?

Whether the case is purely apocryphal, or a composite of several, I do not know; but the idiom is certainly Lincoln's. There was something in frontier life that bred a philosophic cast of thought, shrewd horse-sense, and a quaint and homely humour; and the fidelity of the characterisation more than atones for liberties in the plot. Henry Fonda, made up to look astonishingly like young Lincoln, gives a performance that couldn't be bettered by anybody on the screen—unless it were Gary Cooper; Alice Brady and the supporting players are all faultless; and John Ford has directed with only one false touch—the rather obvious symbolism of the end, with Lincoln marching uphill into the storm.

David Niven, Ginger Rogers in "Bachelor Mother"

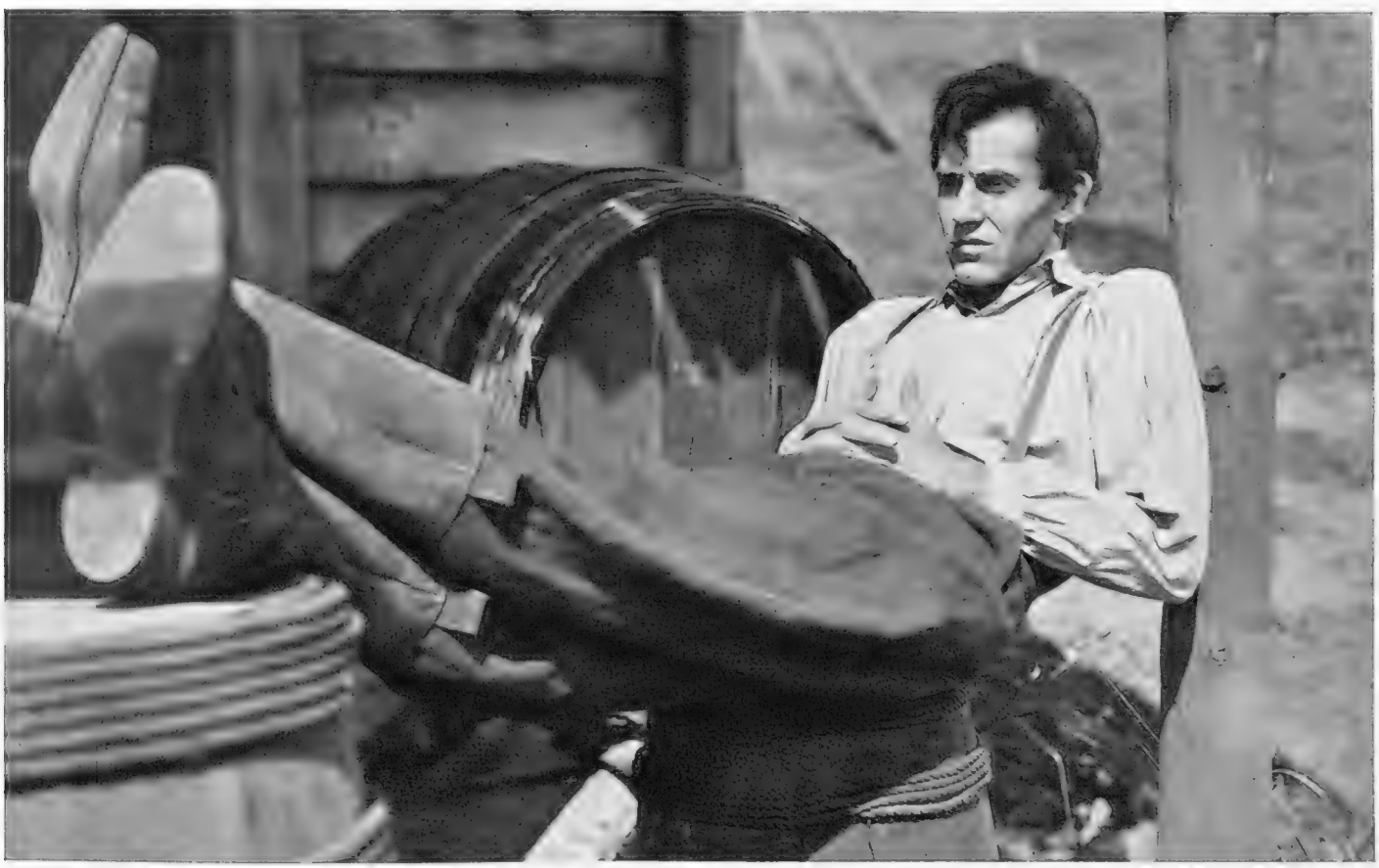
This film, at the Gaumont, is rather a far-fetched story about a baby. There is, of course, no actual "bachelor" maternity in it, but adventures with the foundling end by uniting David Niven, as the boss's son, with Ginger Rogers, as an employee

OF the other new films, *Five Came Back*, a sort of flying *Stagecoach*, with twelve assorted people crashing in the jungle and working out their destinies, is easily the best. *Dodge City* is just an elaborate Western; *Streets of New York* is a drab little melodrama well acted by Jackie Cooper; and *Maisie*, with Robert Young and Ann Sothern, is practically nothing at all.

Lincoln makes his name as a lawyer by defending two brothers accused wrongly of murder, in an excellent courthouse scene. (Henry Fonda, Alice Brady, Eddie Quillan, and Richard Cromwell)

"Young Mr. Lincoln"

This film, at the Leicester Square Theatre, follows on Hollywood's discovery of the mine of material in American history, and on the success on the New York stage of *Abe Lincoln in Illinois*. Built on an obscure incident in Lincoln's young days as a frontier lawyer, it is notable, says our critic in his review opposite, for its integrity as well as its entertainment value



***Henry Fonda**, remarkably like the young Lincoln, plays the title-role in Darryl Zanuck's film, "Young Mr. Lincoln"*

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

He Who Is Misunderstood

By V. S. Pritchett

I READ every new book by Mr. H. G. Wells with pleasurable excitement, and put it down in complete confusion of mind and with a bad conscience. He sounds so urgent, new and prophetic; yet afterwards you feel you have been dealing with a magnificent up-to-date telephone exchange which can do everything except connect you with the vital number. The bad conscience arises because he turns round and tells you the fault is yours. Some blame must go, I think, to his extreme readability. With happy abandon his arguments blow along like clouds of the future beyond our reach, a procession of worlds discarded as they are created, such is his eagerness for the new thing and his belief in it. Virtue is always ahead and not within. In one respect he is like the world of invention he acclaims and which he has begun to think in his new book, *The Fate of Homo Sapiens* (Secker and Warburg; 7*s.* 6*d.*), has not fulfilled the promise it seemed to offer in his youth. I mean the promise it appeared to have of holding the key to human emancipation. Is Mr. Wells just another invention, very remarkable, unexpectedly disappointing?

This is one of Mr. Wells's pessimistic books, written, as he says, with the personal candour which is his great attraction, in a period of ill health, in the consciousness of his age and, of course, on the edge of the precipice where we all are. Is Homo Sapiens finished? Is he about to be destroyed because he will not at this critical period make the imaginative effort and adapt himself? Are the forces of reason and growth self-stultified because they mean by peace, a clinging to any old security for security's sake, while the ape alone is left to act and destroy? Unless there is a mental renascence, "mankind, which began in a cave and behind a windbreak, will end in the disease-soaked ruins of a slum." These Wellsian arguments are familiar, for half the art of propagandist journalism, which Mr. Wells has to perfection, lies in lively and varied reiteration; the only novelty of this book is that it sets out briefly an analysis of man's latest position in the agitated graph of time. The confusion arises in the same old way, too; one has to sort out the tiresome, escaping Wells, who, faced with urgent problems, takes an eloquent balloon trip into the airy freedom of biology, from the Wells who has the shrewd, short-term view of our problems. If this book persuades that we must preserve freedom of thought and enquiry in a world where war or war-preparedness make these essentials of civilisation inconvenient, it will have done something.

But on the larger issues I am afraid that what is wrong with scientific progress as Mr. Wells conceives it, is not the enmity of reaction but the nature of science. It suffers from the success mentality. Whether science is a blessing or a disaster, it has extravagantly overstimulated the will in man, and the overexercised will has starved the heart and destroyed the old sanctions of humanity. Not a mental renascence, but a renascence of the heart in his new environment is what Homo Sapiens needs; possibly science has got to bring its catastrophe before mankind will learn. So far has the flattery of science gone that war nowadays is described as inhuman because the part of man is minimised by the power of machines. As if any machine could go of itself.

Mr. Shaw and the Crisis

Eighty-three-year-old George Bernard Shaw took his evening constitutional in the City last week to see how A.R.P. work was getting on. He also wrote a letter to "The Times" asking: "Why? Am I mad? If not, why?—why?—why?" anyone should be alarmed at the Soviet-German Pact ("Hitler is under the powerful thumb of Stalin, whose interest in peace is overwhelming"). He told another newspaper he was going to the East Coast in the war to "be in the front line if it [the German Fleet] turns up." If there is no war, Mr. Shaw will contribute a big plum to the autumn theatrical pudding when his new play, "In Good King Charles's Golden Days," comes to London after its Malvern Festival success

THE Nazis, quicker than the rationalists to exploit the neglected feelings of the heart and the common experience of suffering, are always careful to veil their enormities with religious feeling. "Hitler wants to do good to the world and he is misunderstood everywhere"—the words of a handsome young Nazi spy in Herr Vincent Brun's *The Blond Spider* (Cape; 7*s.* 6*d.*). "He who is misunderstood," the emigrés ironically call Hitler. This novel is an Austrian crib from Hemingway, with everyone in a state of sunstroke, necking, sexual titillation and perpetually moving on from one drink to the next. Vivid, lively and mysterious, it conveys the despair of those who see Fascism coldly and cynically destroying what it wants, yet so insidiously that the ordinary observer would not realise it is happening. As a story the book is spun out too long: it is too nervy to portray character, and it has the peculiar erotic obsession of the Germanic mind which becomes monotonous.

MR. H. E. BATES is remote from the times we live in. He might be living in 1910. In this, however, he resembles the mass of small provincial people in southern England; human happiness and woe go on in spite of the ascent or the decline of man. You meet contemporary man by inference only in these short stories, *The Flying Goat* (Cape; 7*s.* 6*d.*), which can be best expressed by saying that his people give the impression of being survivors. In a grim piece like *The Ox*, wanton ruin is brought into the life of a stolid, middle-aged woman who is slaving for the future of her children, by a murder committed by her husband. He simply steals her savings and kills someone for no reason at all. But that "no reason" is a terrible gesture from the long arm of hatred; he had received a bad head wound in the war. I do not think there is anything as good as that wonderful story, *The Mill*, in this volume; but it has a greater variety than his earlier books; he has dropped the rather hysterical hardness for hardness' sake on the one hand and the lush dwelling on the charms of "lactiferous maids" on the other. If Uncle Silas has become bawdy without being amusing, *The Flying Goat* itself is an expert piece of hilarity. Mr. H. E. Bates is a good deal more interested than he used to be in lives, and less in trance-like states of feeling, and a poor story like *Every Bullet Has its Billet* shows at the beginning a new ability with the deviousness of human motive. I am glad to see Mr. Bates breaking such ground. The two sinister pieces, *Perhaps We Shall Meet Again* about hunger, and *I Am Not Myself* about a mad girl, are new and at Mr. Bates's best. He is still the most prolific and readable of English short-story writers of the first-class, often very limited and static, but with a real power of emotional statement.

NOVELS recommended:

Blossom Like the Rose. By Norah Loft (Gollancz; 7*s.* 6*d.*).

The Elephant is White. By Caryl Brahms and S. J. Simon (Michael Joseph; 7*s.* 6*d.*)

Hudson Rejoins the Herd. By Claude Houghton (Collins; 7*s.* 6*d.*).

"Old Bill" Sees the World: By Capt. Bruce Bairnsfather

"Now in this room here, the men can rest, read, and enjoy a little privacy"

"What's yours?"

It's a WILLS'S GOLD FLAKE

THE MAN'S CIGARETTE THAT WOMEN LIKE

The Morning Walk in St. James's Park

It is early in the morning, the time when clerks are at breakfast and junior partners are shaving and civil servants are sipping tea in bed. In St. James's Park is solitude and a golden autumn haze and the Prime Minister walking, as his daily custom is, with his wife. In a short while he will be plunged back into the Downing Street maelstrom of calls, communiqués, conversations, concessions and commitments which worked to their peak as last week dragged on. But for the moment, the friendly, elegant little park, quite used to soothing and inspiring statesmen, spreads its calm attractions before Mr. and Mrs. Neville Chamberlain as they heel and toe briskly along its paths

Professor Mamlock's son, Rolf (O. Zhakov), is in 1933 a politically minded medical student. Mamlock (S. Mezhinski), who is a famous doctor in charge of a large German clinic, begs him not to get mixed up with anti-Nazi demonstrations, but to attend to his studies

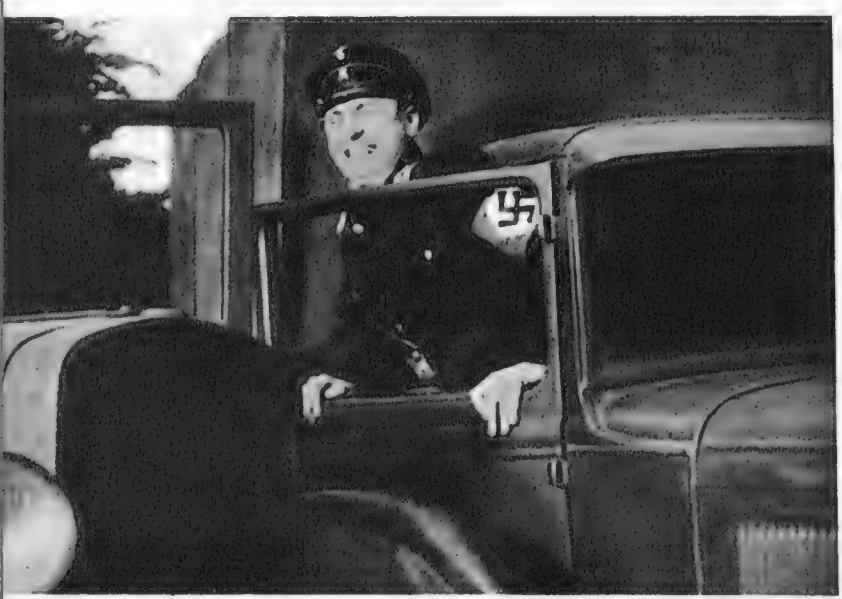
In the 1933 elections, Fritz (Y. Telubeyev), a master printer and friend of Rolf, addresses the workers: "I am not a Communist, but the Nazis are destroying the working classes." Fritz is stabbed by Nazis when they provoke a fight in an attempt to break up the meeting

"Professor Mamlock"

The Russian anti-Nazi film was twice banned in London, is now at the Academy

What Soviet Russia thought of the Nazi regime until two weeks ago could hardly be more powerfully conveyed than by *Professor Mamlock*. This tremendous indictment of Nazi cruelty and barbarism was due for presentation at the Academy Cinema last Wednesday. It was first shown in London by the Film Society in March; seen by the British Board of Film Censors in April and rejected; seen by Lord Tyrrell at the special request of Miss Cohen, managing director of the Academy, in May, and again banned; licensed by the L.C.C. on July 7th. The licence was deferred for three weeks, and finally granted on July 27th. Critics agreed in March that the film deserved public showing on its merits as a deeply moving story and a fine screen production apart from its ideological contents. Both in Russia and in America, *Professor Mamlock* had a great success. It was made in the Soviet in 1937-8, is based on a novel by Friedrich Wolf, was directed by Adolf Minkin and Herbert Rappoport. The actor Mezhinski, who plays the title-role, was made an Honoured Artist of the U.S.S.R. for his performance

Dr. Hellpach (V. Chesnokov) was Mamlock's assistant. He is an ardent Nazi and is appointed head of the clinic when Mamlock is first sent away. After the Jewish doctor is brought back, it is Hellpach who sees that he cannot remain, by forcing doctors and nurses to sign a petition asking Mamlock to resign



While Rolf is being removed from prison to a concentration camp, his friends rescue him. They crash a lorry into the Gestapo car, and Rolf and a friend who was arrested with him are able to escape. They take refuge in the clinic, where Inge hides them

At the clinic Rolf and his father are re-united, after a long separation. Professor Mamlock has been recovering there from his wound. Inge plans that Rolf and Ernst shall escape over the roof

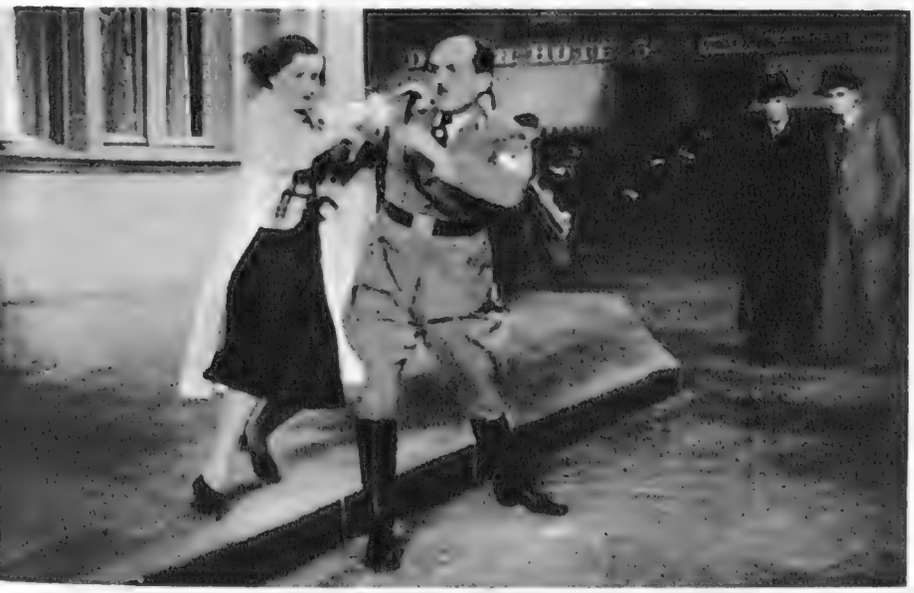
When the Nazis come to power after the elections, Mamlock, a Jew, is ordered to leave the clinic of which he is head, although he had fought for Germany in the war, was wounded and decorated for bravery. The order reaches him when he is in the middle of an operation. He refuses to leave

Mamlock is turned out of his clinic by force, labelled "Jew," and paraded through jeering street crowds. But soon the Nazis need his skill as a surgeon for an operation on one of their chiefs, and he is brought back to the clinic with many apologies and excuses for his ill-treatment

Mamlock, deserted by his colleagues in the hospital, who have been terrorised by Hellpach and his Storm Troopers, tries to commit suicide by shooting himself with the revolver that was given him for bravery in the war

Meanwhile Rolf Mamlock has been arrested for working secretly on an anti-Nazi newspaper. He is beaten in prison by Gestapo men who try to make him betray his comrades

Inge, a student nurse, in love with Rolf, was enthusiastic for the Nazi programme, but when Dr. Mamlock is driven out of the clinic, she is disillusioned. She tries hopelessly to trace Rolf after his arrest by the Gestapo



The refugees were seen entering the clinic, and soon Dr. Hellpach arrives on the scene, and the clinic is surrounded by guards, who are watched by silent crowds in a queue waiting for milk. Inge struggles with Hellpach to give her lover and his friend time to escape

Inge and Rolf from the clinic roof look down on Professor Mamlock, who from a balcony addresses the crowds below. The film ends with Mamlock's plea against Nazi barbarism and inhumanity, until a stream of machine-gun bullets silences his voice

The "Bystander" visits the 1700-year-old

French National Theatre at Orange

Photographs by Schall

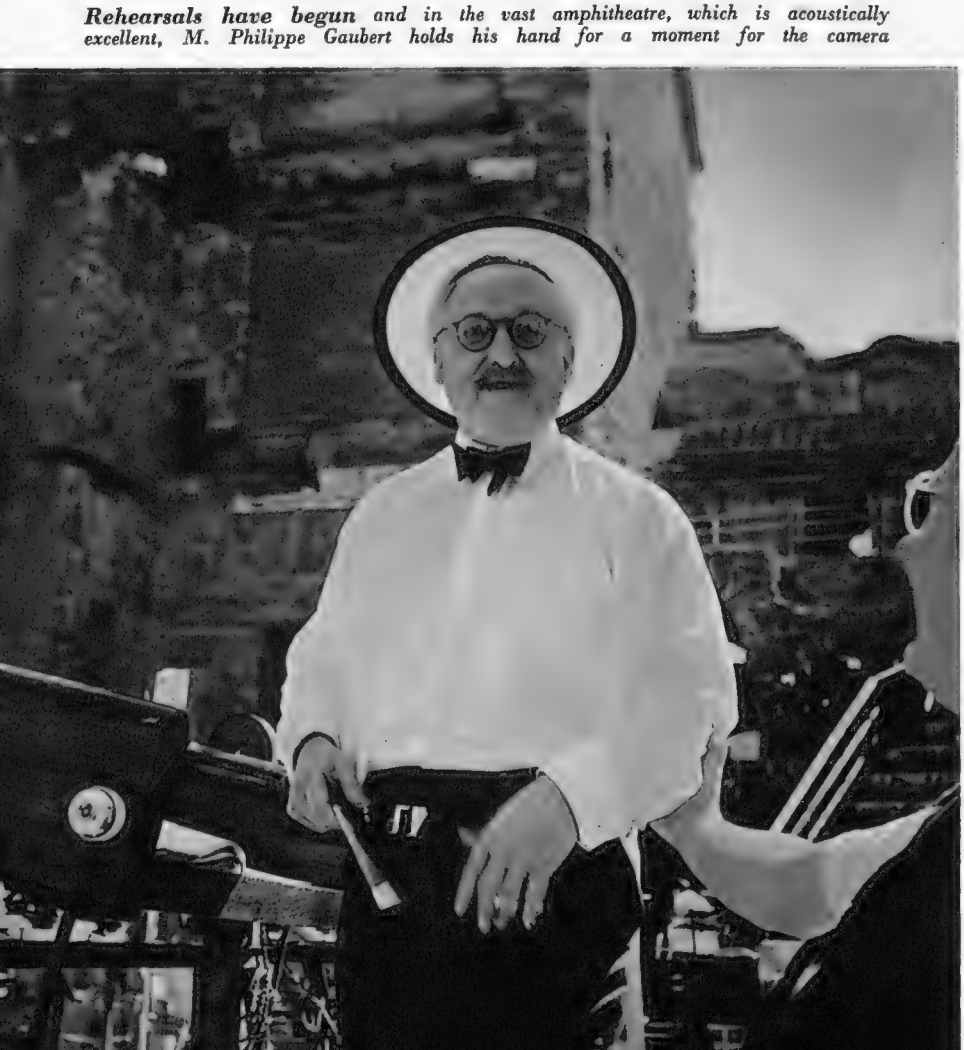
The Orange Special, *7.50 a.m. from the Gare de Lyon, takes down members of the Opéra, Opéra Comique, Comédie-Française and Odéon companies to the Midi. Upright in his second-class corner sits M. Lafleurance, flautist, who has been at the Opéra for fifty years, and clings, alone, to the old-style morning coat and white waistcoat*

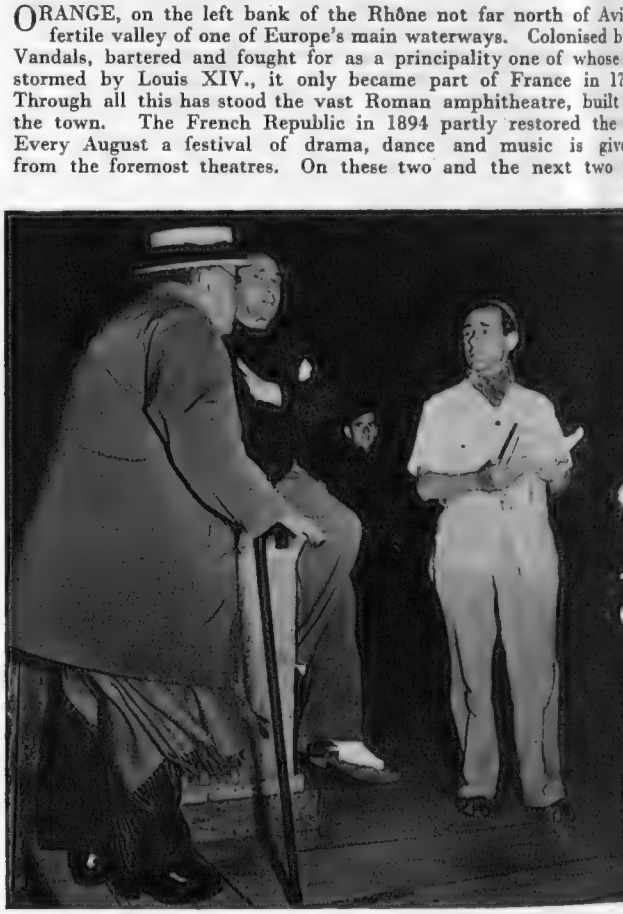
En voyage *members of the companies pass the time as other travellers do — eating, reading, sleeping, talking: here, two ballet dancers in their corners. 240 artistes were on the train, 122 trunks of baggage, costume, scenery, bicycles, and so on*

Arrived at Orange *the bicycles from the vans of the thousand-year-old town. F thousand people (its own infinitely more a national*

ORANGE, on the left bank of the Rhône not far north of Avi fertile valley of one of Europe's main waterways. Colonised b Vandals, bartered and fought for as a principality one of whose stormed by Louis XIV., it only became part of France in 17 Through all this has stood the vast Roman amphitheatre, built the town. The French Republic in 1894 partly restored the Every August a festival of drama, dance and music is giv from the foremost theatres. On these two and the next two

Rehearsals have begun *and in the vast amphitheatre, which is acoustically excellent, M. Philippe Gaubert holds his hand for a moment for the camera*





"Œdipe-Roi," *a new Frenched version of Sophocles' tragedy, was given on the opening night of the Festival. Here, at a night rehearsal, are Gabriel Boissy, the translator, well-wrapped against evening chill; Jean Hervé, of the Comédie-Française, producer and player of the name-part; and Max de Guy, stage-manager*

ctors, dancers, musicians and stage-hands seek their special train and cycle off to their billets in the two- the Festival, Orange prepares to receive ten to fifteen pulation is 11,000), and the August Festival there is ffair than our own Stratford, Malvern or Buxton

non, has had as stormy a history as any town in the the Romans as Arausio Secundanorum, sacked by the lers became King of England, burnt by the Catholics, 3, is now included in the department of Vaucluse. n 200 A.D. into the side of a hill which dominates uilding, and constituted it into a national theatre. there by a full-blown Paris company, recruited ages are pictures of this sunny, peacetime occasion

***The countryside** of Orange, a fertile silt, has been highly cultivated for three thousand years*

[Turn over for more pictures]

***Ballet girls rest** on the tiers originally reserved for Equites*

***Orpheus in a sun-helmet** and plus-fours is presented at rehearsal by Georges Jouatte, who sang the name-part in Gluck's opera, which was given on the second night of the Festival. His precaution is very necessary against the blazing sun of the Midi. The seating in the amphitheatre, originally for 40,000, is restored only for 10,000*

As extras, *the best-looking boys of the 10th Dragoons, stationed at Orange, were picked by the Opéra to pose around in Greek dress. Here, hot in the full glare of the sun, stand eight dragoons who were shortly to be mobilised for something more serious*

Ballet rehearsing *is as hot work as any in the Roman arena: here Lifar rehearses Serge Peretti and Mlle. Lorcia in his own choregraphy to Beethoven's "Les Créatures de Prométhée"*

Festival at Orange

(Continued)

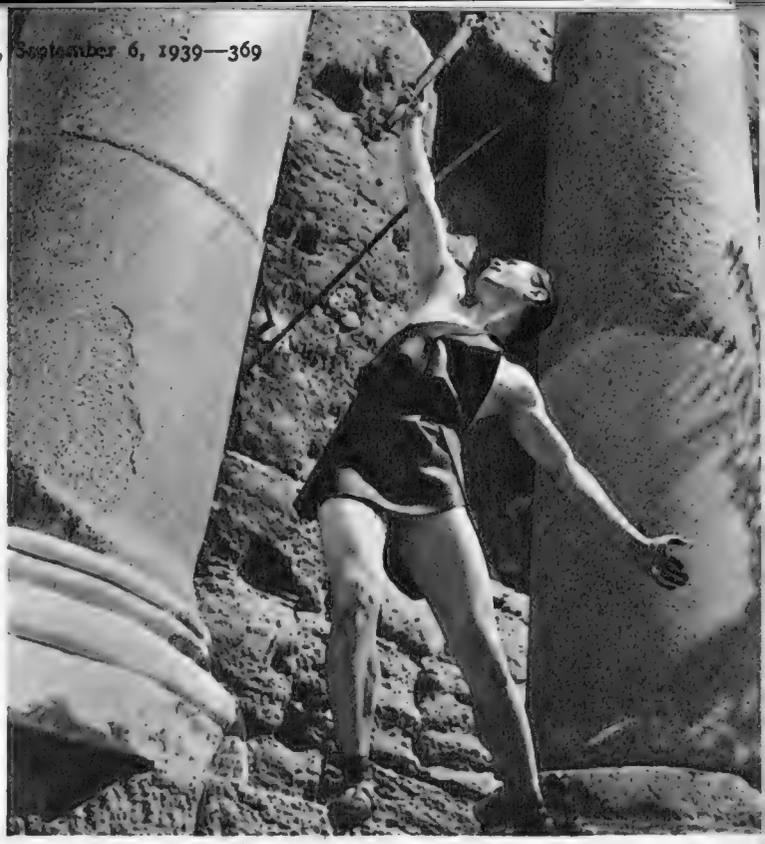
← ***Monsieur Chapalin,*** *most appropriately named, is wig-maker to the Comédie-Française. Here he coiffes Jean Hervé, also of the Comédie-Française, for his part of Œdipus, in the new French translation of Sophocles' "Œdipus-Rex"*

Modern Gauls *watched ancient Greeks walk the cobbled streets of Orange to the amphitheatre, from lodgings in hotels, prefecture, or palais de justice* →

← ***Greeks in a Roman theatre*** *were represented by Vidalin, of the Comédie-Française (Creon in "Œdipe-Roi") and Mme. Delvair (Jocaste in the same), here in the dressing-rooms with another member of the cast*

Free time *was spent by some members of the big conglomerate company in touring the countryside, visiting the Rhône; here at La Guinguette, seven miles from Orange, members of the ballet disport themselves on Rhône sand* →

Solange Schwarz *was made première danseuse of the Paris Opéra last year, a departure from the usual hide-bound system of precedence at that institution. Here she rehearses in the Lifar "Créatures de Prométhée"*



Serge Lifar *danced himself, as well as rehearsing all the ballet sequences at Orange; here, against the mighty granite pillars of the proscenium, he appears to be doing a Samson act. He is first dancer, choregrapher and ballet-master at the Opéra*

Nature's incursions *into man's theatre have in some cases been allowed to leave their picturesque effects—note the tree on the stage. The wall of the proscenium, which faces towards the town, is a hundred and twenty-one feet high and thirteen feet thick*

"Œdipe-Roi," *the opening piece of the three-day festival, presented this magnificent tableau during an evening performance. Other pieces given, besides the Lifar ballet "Prométhée" and the "Bacchanalia" from "Tannhäuser," were Racine's "Phèdre," and Gluck's opera, "Orpheus"*

***The model railway** has been set up by Prince Bira himself, and omits neither passengers, nor even advertisements; it is to aid the funds of the Battersea Dogs' Home, another interest of his*

*"**Mr. Bira's**" name is not known in motor-racing for nothing*

"Mr. and Mrs. B. Bira" at Home

Prince Birabongse Bhamnbandi of Thailand is one of the many expatriate members of the royal family of his country (formerly Siam), now represented on the throne by the fourteen-year-old King Ananda Mihadol. "Bira," as he calls himself on the race-track, came over here to go to Eton, and has never returned to his country. Instead, he has made a considerable place for himself in English life, above all in motor-racing, and in art. His hobby, however, is the typically English one of model railways. These pictures show him and Princess Bira at their studio home in St. Alban's Grove, S.W.7

***As a sculptor** Bira has exhibited at the Royal Academy: he is a pupil of Charles Wheeler*

***Princess Bira** was Ceril Heycock before her marriage last year*

For your throat's sake smoke

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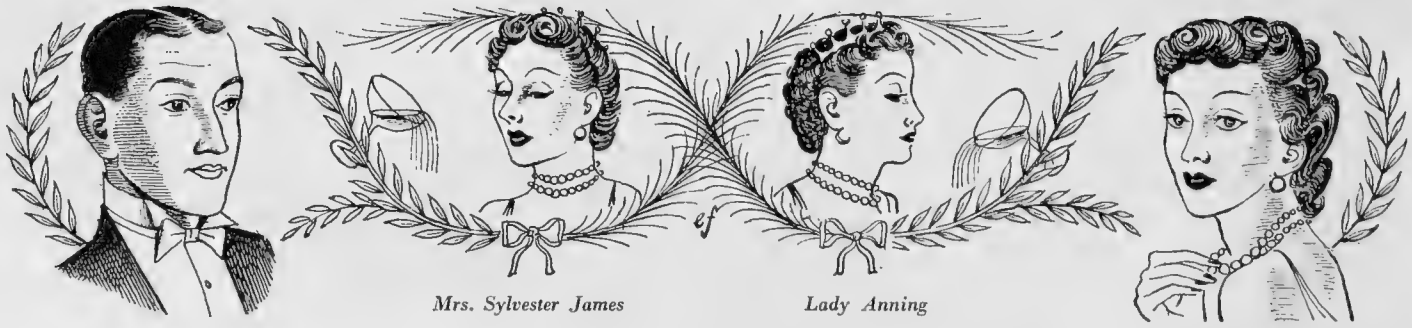


Mr. Cribbage *Mrs. Sylvester James* *Lady Anning* *Mrs. Jack Chrichton*

The Wedding of the Jackal

"When the rain falls and the sun shines at the same time, that is called the Wedding of the Jackal."

A Series by Peter Traill

No. 1. "Glass of Sherry"

MR. CRIBBAGE reclined rather than sat in the largest chair in Mrs. Jack Chrichton's drawing-room; he had only been in the place a couple of minutes, but already the sherry was on its way. While he was waiting he looked with approving eyes on Mrs. Jack Chrichton.

"Y' know, Prudence," he said at length. "I find you a most satisfactory person." The lady looked at him with the surprised air of one who has been caught doing something astoundingly illicit. "Don't let your mouth sag, it doesn't suit you," Mr. Cribbage finished, somewhat sharply.

"I was so amazed that you should be satisfied with anyone except yourself," she answered.

"I'm by no means satisfied with myself, but I do find other people terribly deficient. You, I must say, are an exception."

Mrs. Jack Chrichton leaned back in her chair, and flicked her cigarette so that the ash fell a yard or two short of the fireplace. "Don't tell me I am a clever woman!" she exclaimed.

"Heaven forbid! But you have assets which are for some reason or other denied to most of the rest of your kind."

"You mean my legs?" She pulled her skirts up to her knees, but Mr. Cribbage took no interest in the movement.

"I don't mean anything of the sort," he said. "Your appearance is reasonable, of course, without being exceptional." Mrs. Jack Chrichton sat up a little straighter in her chair.

"While we are waiting for Browne to finish the opened bottle of sherry before condescending to decant one for us, you might tell me what I do look like," she said. Her voice was dangerously calm, and her chin was thrust forward to add a certain measure of aggression to her words.

"You're very irregular in feature, you know, like one of those contour maps. I like the way your dark hair falls away from your forehead."

"Dark hair! I'm fair."

"My dear Prudence, because you have blue eyes, that doesn't make you fair. I'll concede mousy if you like."

"I prefer to be called dark."

"Then why argue? It curls rather nicely at the back, for which you have to thank your hairdresser. Your figure, though somewhat angular, is not as flat as a board, and you have a nice instep. You should wear blue; granite is your birthstone, and you should beware of Persians?"

"Why Persians?"

"Because you don't speak Persian."

"And that's all you see in me?"

Mr. Cribbage passed his tongue over his dry lips. "Oh, dear no! If that were all, I shouldn't be here waiting—the accent is ultimate—for my sherry."

Mrs. Jack Chrichton rang the bell. "Why am I so honoured, then?"

"Well, when you don't get led away by your friends, and your sister, you speak the King's English—a very rare accomplishment in these days. You have a husband who remains, so far as this house is concerned, conveniently in the background; and you show a pleasing inclination not to try to bring him into the foreground."

"Jack is apt to be tiresome in any grounds."

"I can well believe it." Browne's entrance at this moment disturbed Mr. Cribbage's train of thought.

"We are waiting for the sherry, Browne."

The butler looked at his mistress with the patient expression of a dog.

"I was in the act of getting a new bottle from the cellar, Madame."

"Your acts are clearly as long as the ones Parliament makes," Mr. Cribbage said moodily.

"Yes, sir."

Browne having withdrawn, Mrs. Jack Chrichton looked at Mr. Cribbage invitingly.

(Concluded on page iv)

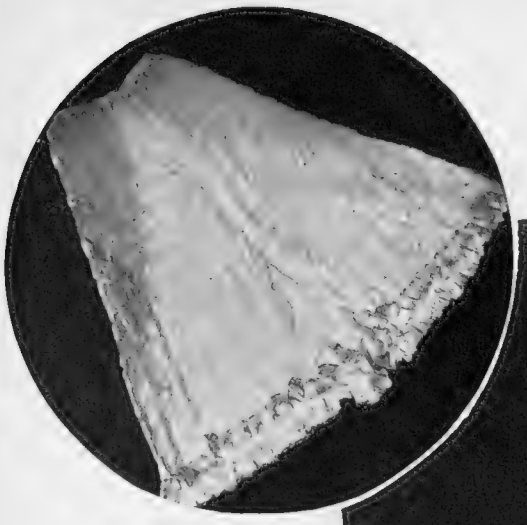
Fashion as it flies . . .

by Elizabeth

Scott Bushe

"THE backbone of a town wardrobe is a black coat." So has chanted many a sage; and women have marked and profited. Well—here 's your backbone. Black wool, with an interesting ribbed surface. There 's a neat-fitting back with just a little swing as you walk, and unpressed pleats at the front to give quite a lot of swing as you walk. A half-belt tying in front maintains the smooth back fitting. Revers of silver fox stretch from waist to neck, and the fine, short-haired parts of the pelt make a narrow band at the back of the neck. The coat itself buttons warmly up to the neck, and the " revers " are simply a trimming. You 'll find this at Gorringes in Buckingham Palace Road. It costs 8½ guineas. The hat, also from Gorringes, is one of the new bustle berets. Ruched taffeta makes the " beret " part, which is worn well forward, and stiff crackling taffeta the " bustle." The price is 3½ guineas. If you hanker after a fur-trimmed hat, ask to see a miniature " bowler " shape. It has a swirl of silver fox lying round the brim, a snood to keep it on at the back.

Beauty in Chiffon



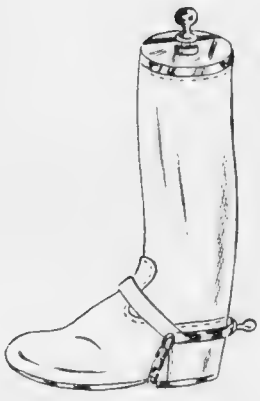
Scott Bushe

CHIFFON in delicate pastel colours—ice-cream pink, baby blue, butter yellow—is used for this lovely lingerie from Harrods, Knightsbridge. The large picture shows a nightdress and négligé to match, and this set can also be made to order in black or almost any other colour, and can be had, too, in chiffon printed with sixpenny-sized spots. The nightdress is straight-cut, with a simple cross-over front. The negligée, also straight-cut, has a dirndl skirt, and is ruched on the shoulders. The nightdress costs 30s. and the négligé 59s. 6d. You will find an excellent selection of nightdresses at all prices in this department. A favourite is shown on the left. It costs 25s. 9d., and is in the Empire style, with a high-gathered bodice emphasised with a ruched frill. The shoulder-straps are ruched, and a double frill finishes the hem

WHILE in the department ask to see their ruched chiffon bed-jacket. It is much less a "piece of nonsense" than it might sound, for the material is entirely ruched with "Lastex" yarn, so that it fits closely, and is, therefore, comfortingly warm. The price should please you, too—10s. 9d. in a good variety of colours. At the top of the page in the circular picture we show Harrods' latest beguilement—panties made entirely of white chiffon ruched with "Lastex" yarn. These are edged with fine white lace, and are unbelievably dainty. They give a perfect fit, and can be worn under any frock. It's a lovely department, this one. These panties are about the newest thing in it at the time of going to press, but whenever you call there will always be something exciting to see. You can depend upon it

the bystander twins
IN SEARCH OF
discovered by peta
pictured by pam
novelties

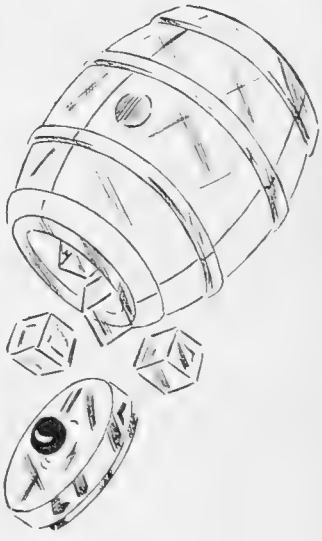
The answer 's a lemon when they say " What a lovely case." Dunhill's cigarette-case is made from two complete lemon skins, and bound with a silver band. Its smooth-grained surface is a joy to feel. (25s.)



Unusual guise for a cigarette-lighter: it 's a riding boot, perfectly treed, and fitted with the neatest " dumb hook " (as they say in the tack room) you 'll see for a long time. Too good for the office, of course, but he 'd probably like it on his desk, all the same. 27s. 6d. from Dunhill's

Play at being a femme fatale with a cigarette-case and a long holder to match, in various patterned fabrics, at 12s. 6d. The card tray is in the shape of a leaf, made of carved wood with a matt polish. You must see and feel the wood to appreciate its beauty. Dunhill's, 30, Duke Street, have these

Lace collars we all know, but Harrods have gone one better with wide necklaces and bracelets of " gilt lace." They are slightly bevelled and beautifully chased. Necklace 17s. 6d., bracelet 12s. 6d. For your plain dinner dress, flower jewellery. It 's made, surprisingly, of leather, processed and coloured so that it not only looks like the real thing but actually has the smooth cool feel of flower petals. This orchid set is particularly lovely; bracelet 7s. 6d., necklace 15s. 6d.



Harrods of Knightsbridge have this barrel-shaped, portable ice-box. It 's made of rubber, and will keep ice cubes from 12 to 24 hours. It can't break, and if you drop it out of a boat it can't sink. Whenever you take a picnic hamper you 'll need a Frigidette (28s. 6d.)

At Heston, *where most of these photographs were taken, Lady Bonham-Carter has been an enthusiastic member for some time. She is the wife of Sir Edgar Bonham-Carter, and lives in Radnor Place*

Women in Uniform

No. 12. The Civil Air Guard

The Civil Air Guard was formed by the Government last September, in co-operation with most of the flying clubs of Great Britain and Northern Ireland. By giving members instruction and flying experience at special rates, its object was to create a war-time reserve of pilots, and in general to increase air-mindedness in the public. Thousands of men and women have taken this opportunity, made possible by the Government subsidy, and many flying clubs, which had been in a bad way, have waiting-lists of pupils. C.A.G. membership was over 11,000 a week or two ago, 10 per cent. of members being women. All must pass a medical test before being enrolled, and must eventually get their "A" licence from the Air Ministry. The Civil Air Guard is run by five commissioners: Lord Londonderry, the Chief Commissioner (Lady Londonderry also takes a keen and active interest in the organisation of women members), Major Alan Goodfellow, Sir Lindsay Everard, M.P., Mrs. F. G. Miles (the former Blossom Forbes-Robertson), and Robert Murray, Commissioner for Scotland

Lectures *on the mechanical side of flying and on ground engineering are give weekly to C.A.G. members, as by the Heston instructor above. Instead of payin 30s. an hour to hire a 'plane, with instructor's fees on top of that, membe can hire a light 'plane for as little as 5s. an hour. Uniform is simple, and supplied at cut rates. The bright blue, chromium-buttoned overalls cost 11s., the flying helmet and goggles 12s., the neat, smart forage cap, 3s. On the le arm is worn the blue ensign, denoting a civil unit, over the left breast pocket appear the much-prized "wings" when a member has her "A" licence*

The ground trainer, *originally invented for blind-flying (a hood fits over the whole machine), is used in some clubs to give pupils the feel of the controls. It costs £1800, responds, by means of an elaborate system of electrically worked bellows, to the controls exactly as a 'plane does, records mileage, direction and altitude on a graph in front of the instructor, who directs and corrects the pupil. Miss Dora Tiley was the Hanworth pupil under instruction here, with Miss Holman-Rowdon waiting her turn*

The new "Moth Minor" *was recently bought by Airwork at Heston as a training 'plane. The C.A.G. are only taught to fly light civilian aircraft, and are not given instruction on liners or bombers. In war-time, women pilots would probably be employed as ferry and ambulance pilots. The two members above are the Hon. Elizabeth May and Miss Jean Rose (see next picture)*

Autogyros *come into the C.A.G. schedule at Hanworth Flying Club, where a special course of instruction for members has been arranged. These queer machines, which have never become domesticated in the public view as aeroplanes have, would take their place in the vast ramifications of wartime flying. Handling them needs quite a different technique to that of an ordinary aeroplane pilot. In this picture, Miss Holman Rowdon was just starting off for her first autogyro lesson*

Landing *is generally the pupil's bugbear, since here the correlation of speed, altitude and direction must be most exactly calculated, and the fledgling pilot, if not afraid for her life, fears acutely for her reputation. Here Miss Jean Rose guides in the Hon. Elizabeth May. The former is the daughter of Harcourt Rose. The latter, only daughter of Lord and Lady May, is an experienced pilot, has had her "A" licence for five years, and spent most of her spare time flying long before the C.A.G. came into existence*

A new recruit *at Heston is Miss Jill Muir. When there is a waiting list for flying members, as is the case with most C.A.G. units, volunteers are admitted as probationary members, and are allowed to attend the weekly lectures*

Gardener's Chronicle

In Search of Sun

By R. C. Jenkinson

From Arcachon

WE arrived at breakfast-time to find, of course, grey skies and a threat of rain, which fell in the evening! But this was only a matter of a day or two, and the soft, balmy, resin-laden atmosphere was very welcome. This is an enchanting place; a strip of sandy foreshore rises sharply, more or less, to the dunes, and the forest, stretching illimitably down to the Pyrenees. I walked through the neighbouring woods on the first afternoon, with sun breaking warmly through. It is almost entirely pine, with a little scrub oak. The pines are the source of the big local industry—the collecting of resin. The trees have long, shallow, vertical slashes, at the base of which little wooden cups are fixed into the trunk to catch the resin as it oozes down the slash. The undergrowth was of arbutus unedo, tree heaths and dwarf cistus; and such blackberries!

As for gardens, most of the villas are too young to have more than a few young shrubs, geranium and zinnias, but in some older ones bignonia is in full glory, flinging its long arms over pergolas or trained up pine trees, each shoot leaving a large cluster of trumpets, orange or deep terra-cotta, and heavy with honey. You must see it like this, throwing out its rich, green, handsomely-cut leaves in all luxuriance, to realise its beauty as a climber. There are a fair number of good plants of it about England; but it should be tried by anyone who can give it a hot corner in light, warm soil, especially if it rambles up amongst another climber, wistaria or rose or ceanothus.'

The next thing to catch my eye was half a dozen plants of lagerstrœmia indica at the entrance to a large villa. Now of this shrub I recollect only one good piece in England, growing near Broxbourne, along the five-foot wall of an old greenhouse, now pulled down and converted into a heated frame, where yearly it flowers well. At first sight it reminds one of a privet, for thus are the flowers borne: but the leaves are rounder, glossier and wavy-edged, and the flowers some shade of bright or mauvy-pink—shall I say "astilbe-coloured"? The plants I refer to here are not the usual bushes, but beautifully pruned standards on a four- or five-foot leg, with big heads six feet by six, smothered in blossom. They are most effective, and this treatment of them makes me wonder if they could not be used thus in large tubs in a conservatory to be carried on to a terrace for the summer months, as we treat oleanders or callistemon.

Canna

YOUNG oleanders are growing well here but the other great stand-by is canna. They grow tall and sturdy, happy in the deep, rich, sandy soil—for there is plenty of seaweed for manure, and water when necessary—and make a gay show. Thirty or more years ago they were popular at home, but now, though they are grown in parks and public gardens at seaside resorts, few private gardens have them. Yet they are no more difficult than a dahlia or fuchsia. Start them into growth about March in boxes in a frostproof house, giving them a little liquid manure when the growth has developed in late May. Put them out in June, when they will be about two or three feet high, into rich soil, and give them an occasional manure watering. Then they will grow four or five feet high, begin to flower in July, and go on to September 2nd, when they must be lifted, dried off, and stored free from frost, like dahlias, until the following March. What could be easier? There are two sets, one with green, one with purple leaves. The flowers may be pale yellow or orange, pure or marked with red, carmine, scarlet or deep blood-red. Sun they must have; therefore their position and neighbours must be chosen accordingly.

I saw some years ago a good piece of arrangement. There was a large southern bog in a bank of shrubs, about ten feet deep at the widest. Loosely planted all through it was hydrangea paniculata grandiflora, pruned annually so that at flowering time the plants varied from three to six feet tall. Their large, fat cones of opalescent flower began to expand in late July. In clumps of a dozen or more, all through the bed, were cannas, scarlet and yellow, both green and purple-leaved. What happened in the earlier part of the year I never enquired—I suppose May-flowering tulips—but certainly in August the bed made a most arresting sight, the stiff canna spikes standing out so well amongst the arching shoots of hydrangea. And note that the same rich feeding suits both plants.

Hortiphot

Hydrangea paniculata grandiflora: *an autumn-flowering variety in which all the flowers are sterile and large; they are pearly-white and last a long time*

Conifers

JUST now, when there are few shrubs in flower, good conifers are valuable; out here, not half a mile from the sunny balcony where I write, there is a fine specimen of one of the most graceful, cupressus lusitanica glauca pendula. Now while this species must have shelter—it hates cutting winds—it must be hardy, for it grows well in my own garden and also high up on the Cotswold Hills. Give it the chosen position that its beauty merits and it will grow quickly into a semi-pendulous spreading tree, with silvery branchlets.

Another conifer, much hardier than is generally believed to be the case, is podocarpus Chilina, from Chile. I say "hardier" because there is a fine tree, about 30 by 20 feet, in a sloping garden amongst pine trees quite near Sunningdale. It makes a dome-shaped tree, clothed to the ground by drooping branches of rich glossy green. The leaves, the shape of yew, are one to two inches long, hardy and shining. At all seasons it is a most beautiful evergreen.

Four Weddings

Pearson — Galtrey

Frederick Fanning Ayer Pearson, of Sulby Hall, Rugby, American benefactor of cancer research, and Isobel Eileen Mary Galtrey, daughter of the late Sidney Galtrey (the former "Hotspur" of the "Daily Telegraph"), and Mrs. Galtrey, of Westfield Court, Kingston, Surrey, were married at Caxton Hall register office

Wyndham — Hodder-Williams

George Colville Wyndham, only son of Capt. and Mrs. John Wyndham, of Court Place, Bathealton, Somerset, and Anne Dorothy Hodder-Williams, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Hodder-Williams, of 78, Elm Park Gardens, S.W.10, and Duddings, Dunster, Somerset, were married at St. George's, Dunster. The bride's father is a director of the publishing firm, Hodder and Stoughton

Captain Slessor and Miss Burnett-Stuart

Captain Henry Cotesworth Slessor, Royal Artillery, only son of Col. and Mrs. H. Slessor, of White House, Thatcham, Berks., and Kathron Lilias Burnett-Stuart, youngest daughter of General Sir John and Lady Burnett-Stuart, of Crichie House, Stuartfield, Aberdeenshire, were married at St. Drostan's, Old Deer, Aberdeenshire

The Hon. Richard Lygon and Miss Patricia Norman

Richard Hugh Lygon, of Pyndar Lodge, Hanley Swan, Worcester, the younger brother of Earl Beauchamp, and Patricia Janet Norman, of the Vicarage, Hanley Castle, Worcester, were married quietly last Wednesday, after a month's engagement, at St. Mary's, Hanley Castle. The bridegroom used to play goal for Worcester City

In Spite of the Crisis . . .

The Cortachy Highland Games *took place as usual; but their chieftain, the Earl of Airlie, had to leave suddenly for London. Here is his elder son, Lord Ogilvy, aged thirteen, who took his place as acting chieftain, talking to Mr. James Laird, the forester of the Airlie estates. Lord Airlie is Lt.-Col. in the 10th Hussars, R. of O.*

Golfers at North Berwick *were fewer but still keen. Mr. F. J. Tennant and his granddaughter, Viscountess Long, were two of them. He has a house at North Berwick. His sister, Lady Oxford and Asquith, who had been up there too, had gone back to London*

Passing through Perthshire, *Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Cayzer stopped for golf at the Gleneagles Hotel. They had been staying with his uncle, Major Harold Cayzer, further north, at the Cabrach, where the grouse have been exceptionally good: nearly 1000 brace were shot in three days driving. Nicholas Cayzer's father, Sir August Cayzer, has a Perthshire place, Gartmore*

To Crathie Church *for Sunday morning service went the Queen's brother, the Hon. David Bowes-Lyon, his wife (who was Rachel Spender-Clay), and their daughter, Davina Katharine. Two days after this the Queen left Balmoral and came south to rejoin the King in London, leaving the two Princesses in Aberdeenshire*

Fishing In Inverness-shire *were Miss Naomi de Rothschild, her uncle, Mr. Anthony de Rothschild, and Miss Gillian Cadogan, youngest daughter of Sir Alexander Cadogan, Permanent Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs. They were staying at Dochfour House with Mrs. Arthur Sassoon. Gillian Cadogan's sister Patricia and Gerald Coke made pre-crisis plans to be married on September 19th*

On Scottish moors, *some parties went on shooting, some dissolved as "guns" were called up or had crisis duties to attend to. In Aberdeenshire, Col. J. Barclay Milne and his daughter Jean were out from Glenbuchat, his place on Donside, and had a big enough party with them to fill the butts. Bags on this part of Donside have been good this season*

In Morayshire, *a big party was out on the Ballindalloch moors*

The party lined up on Corglass Hill includes Sir George Macpherson-Grant who owns Ballindalloch; Capt. G. S. L. Whitelaw, of Letcombe Regis, Berks., who is shooting Glenfeshie, and Mrs. Whitelaw; Sir Edmund Findlay who shoots several big moors from Aberlour; Sir Richard Gull, Brig.-Gen. and Mrs. Stewart, Capt. and Mrs. Powell, Capt. and Mrs. Cassells, Major Harbord and Mr. Ackroyd

Fishing in Canada *are Sir John and Lady Prichard-Jones*

Sir John and Lady Prichard-Jones have been staying at the Seignory Club, in the Province of Quebec, for fishing. He comes from Anglesey, and his wife is Sir Walter Nugent's daughter

Racing in Ireland *at the Limerick Junction meeting were Lady Charles Cavendish, over from Lismore Castle, and Miss Elfrida Keane, who is also from Co. Waterford. Her mother, Mrs. R. H. Keane, lives at Belleville Park, Cappoquin*

Capri evacuations *took place with a rush last week as Italian war precautions increased, and the atmosphere of depressed expectancy out there tautened. Among the departing holiday-makers were Countess Haugwitz-Reventlow, who left the island with Prince Sirignano of Naples and Mrs. Morley Kennerley, the three of them looking particularly cheerful. Mrs. Kennerley is English, with an American husband, is a great friend of Countess Reventlow, and often goes abroad with her*

J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

Rules and Local Rules

MANY people take their holidays in August, and consequently many people must play during this month on golf courses on which they have never played before. If you play any competitive golf on a strange course it is essential, as a rule, to know the local rules. It is really surprising how some clubs manage to produce a ridiculously large number of local rules, many of them unnecessary, some of them stupid, some of them exact copies of rules of the game, and, I regret to write, some of them decidedly opposed to the rules and also the spirit of the game. Some committees appear to delight in making as many local rules as they possibly can. An example of this can very often be seen on the backs of score-cards, where it is quite unnecessarily recorded that the penalty for playing a ball out of bounds is stroke and distance. The Rules of Golf have made it quite clear that the penalty for playing a ball out of bounds is stroke and distance, so there is no need whatsoever to repeat this rule in local rules.

It is clearly a weakness of the Rules of Golf that clubs are allowed a choice of penalties for a ball played out of bounds, and this weakness certainly tends to cause confusion.

When the rules of the game make it clear that permanent grass is not a hazard, it is really astonishing to find such distinguished golf clubs as the Royal and Ancient and Royal St. George's making local rules which lay down that permanent grass on certain areas on their courses is a hazard.

This local rule at St. Andrews may have cost M. Posse, the Argentine professional golfer, the Open Championship this year, as, besides costing him two shots, it also must have had a very great moral effect on his subsequent play. We can hardly blame Posse for grounding on permanent grass, which he did on the fringe of the path along the road at the seventeenth hole at St. Andrews, but we cannot be expected to have much sympathy with a man who is either too careless or too stupid to make himself conversant with the local rules of the course on which he is playing in a championship. Posse, it is true, could speak or understand little English, but this is no excuse, as there were at St. Andrews people who would have been pleased to interpret the local rules for him.

MANY Englishmen play in Continental championships, and few Englishmen speak any language except their own, and yet when playing abroad in events of importance they always make it their business to find out what local rules are in force.

I do not suppose that Henry Cotton is a very fluent German linguist, but I am quite sure that when he plays in the German Championship he is not ignorant of the local rules of the course on which he has to play.

A friend of mine, on whose word I can place the utmost reliance, told me that in the qualifying rounds of the *Daily Mail* tournament at Sunningdale this year two men, who have both won the Open Championship, broke a rule the penalty for which is disqualification, and yet the names of both of them were in the list of qualifiers, and one of them won a large sum of money when the tournament proper was played at Bournemouth.

My friend George Henriques, who has played so well for Harrow on numerous occasions in the Halford Hewitt Cup tournament at Deal and many other golfing events of importance, including the Amateur Championship, a short time ago gave a prize at the Cavendish Golf Club, at Buxton, for an event in which besides playing their round, competitors received or lost strokes for answering a few simple questions on the rules of the game. Strange to relate, not a single person answered all the questions correctly, and there are apparently still some people who are not quite sure in their own minds whether all the official answers were right or wrong.

IN the Dunlop-Metropolitan tournament played on the West Course at Wentworth a few years ago two of our leading professional golfers would have won more money than they actually did if they had known the local rules of the course. One of them—and there must be many who hold the same opinion quite wrongly—imagined that he could pick out of a ditch and drop behind it under the penalty of one shot. At Wentworth at the time this tournament was played there was no local rule concerning ditches, and consequently a ditch was, according to the rules of the game, a hazard, and a ball in one had to be deemed unplayable or played where it lay. He actually dropped behind, which can be justly interpreted as teeing-up, and lost two shots, under the belief that he had only lost one shot; it would have clearly been to his advantage to have lost stroke and distance instead of two strokes. The other player would have returned a card one shot better if he had known a local rule, which was rather unnecessary and not very desirable.

I am sure that a great deal of confusion will be avoided if the Rules of Golf can be drawn up to cover all the likely contingencies which may arise on all courses. Of course, clubs whose courses are situated on heavy soil may find it desirable to make local rules concerning balls covered with mud and balls embedded in their own pitch-marks. If you look at the local rules of various clubs you will find that nearly all the local rules concerning balls coming to rest on putting-greens other than the green of the hole being played are extremely badly worded. The majority of clubs who have local rules for this eventuality would be well advised to adhere to the rules of the game.

IF golf clubs were not allowed to make any local rules the numerous arguments about what should be done in certain circumstances would be very considerably reduced and also easier to decide.

I shall be pleased to receive from any reader a copy of the local rules of a golf club which do not contain either a contradiction to the rules of the game or some other weakness, and I can assure readers that they will not be easy to find.

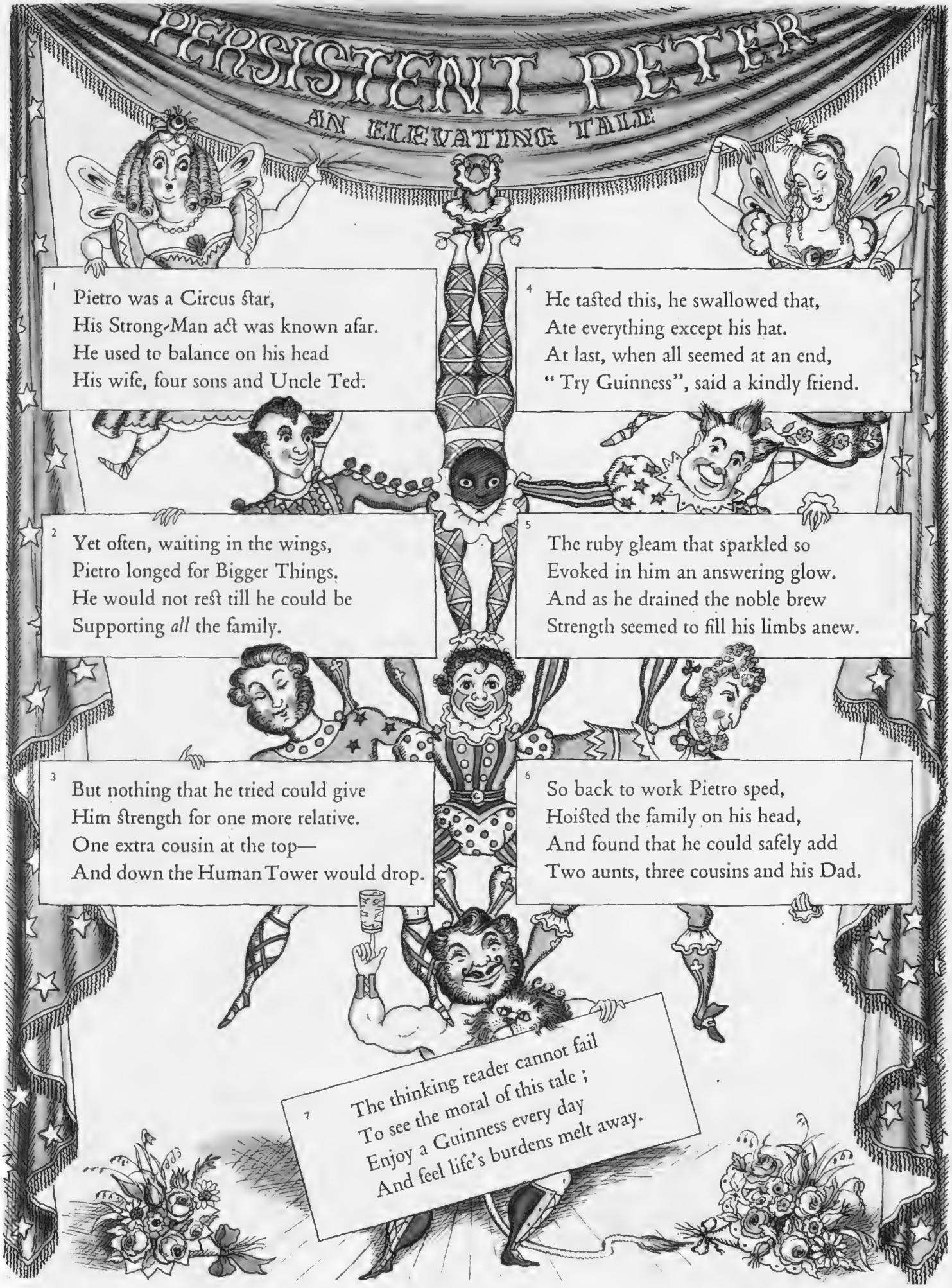
The Borough of Deal Challenge Cup at Royal Cinque Ports

***G. C. Newman**, the Oxford and Middlesex cricketer, won the Borough of Deal Cup, beating Captain Hatch (below) by a hole in the final of a tournament somewhat decimated by national emergency. He was playing round his home course at Royal Cinque Ports*

H. G. Mappin (Royal St. George's) was the third-round victim of the eventual runner-up, Captain P. G. Hatch (Hankley Common). Mappin walked-over Brig.-Gen. Critchley, who withdrew owing to the crisis, in the second round

J. F. Tyer (Downs) and G. Hilton Green (Royal Cinque Ports) met in the third round of the tournament at the latter's home course. Tyer won by 5 and 4 and went on to lose to Hatch in the semi-final

D. Lewis, a Canterbury player (right), beat W. R. Taylor, a local man, by 3 and 2 in the third round of the Borough of Deal Cup tournament. In the semi-final Lewis lost to Newman, the winner


PERSISTENT PETER
AN ELEVATING TALE
1 Pietro was a Circus star,
His Strong-Man act was known afar.
He used to balance on his head
His wife, four sons and Uncle Ted.
2 Yet often, waiting in the wings,
Pietro longed for Bigger Things.
He would not rest till he could be
Supporting *all* the family.
3 But nothing that he tried could give
Him strength for one more relative.
One extra cousin at the top—
And down the Human Tower would drop.
4 He tasted this, he swallowed that,
Ate everything except his hat.
At last, when all seemed at an end,
" Try Guinness", said a kindly friend.
5 The ruby gleam that sparkled so
Evoked in him an answering glow.
And as he drained the noble brew
Strength seemed to fill his limbs anew.
6 So back to work Pietro sped,
Hoisted the family on his head,
And found that he could safely add
Two aunts, three cousins and his Dad.
7 The thinking reader cannot fail
To see the moral of this tale ;
Enjoy a Guinness every day
And feel life's burdens melt away.

G.E.862

Women's Golf: By Eleanor E. Helme

Provided that —

Conditions, Entry Form, and Where to Stay for Bystander Autumn Foursomes are on page iv.

In these strange days of suspense—I write at the moment when Hitler is pondering Great Britain's reply of August 28th—there is something extremely soothing, not to say heartening, in the steady trickle of entries for the BYSTANDER Autumn Foursomes at Rochampton. Faith is stimulating as well as infectious, and the mere sight of the familiar entry form cheers up the struggle with dark curtains and blue lights which we concoct with such hope that they will never be used. Amongst these entries is one from Fräulein Maria Gorrissen, of Hamburg-Falk, and Bramshot, who has a German national handicap of 3, and was a semi-finalist in last week's Swedish Championship. Truly sport knows no countries, and there will be a really friendly welcome for this excellent player. Miss Molly Gourlay only beat her by 4 and 2 in the semi-final, and partnered at Roehampton by Mrs. Style, the couple should take some stopping, for Mrs. Style is one of the players who has been coming down and coming on all this season with scarcely a look back.

Miss Gourlay's win in the final at Bastad was at the expense of her one-time clubmate, Mrs. Nancy Runfelt, of Bastad, who used to be Miss Nancy Gibbons, of Camberley Heath. Five up at lunch-time, Miss Gourlay won by 7 and 5, and is now back in khaki with the A.T.S.

DISAPPOINTMENT goes without saying over Miss Pam Barton's failure to capture the American Championship. Further details lack, for she is not due back in this country until the end of the week, but reading between the lines it is easy to imagine that she was pretty weary after going to the twenty-first hole in the morning against Miss E. Williams, and that this possibly had something to do with a nineteenth-hole loss to Miss Charlotte Glutting. On the other hand, Miss Glutting is no weak foe, and her capacity for a relentless finish nobody doubts who remembers her last-green win from Miss Nan Baird in the Curtis Cup a year ago.

Miss Glutting made a great impression over here in 1936, and we in our ignorance probably expected that she would go on to win the whole championship after beating Miss Barton. That it was Miss Betty Jameson, of San Antonio, Texas, who achieved that feat, beating Miss Dorothy Kirby, of Atalanta, Georgia, 3 and 2 in the thirty-six-hole final, means presumably that we shall see two entirely fresh players over here for next year's Curtis Cup, for neither of these finalists have been here before, nor did they play against Great Britain at Manchester, Mass., last September.

BEFORE this is in print entrants for the Girls' Championship will have been communicated with, one way or another, as to whether that championship will be held or not. Even if it can be held we shall owe the crisis a grudge for keeping down the entry to the smallest for many years, instead of the bumper one that was to have celebrated the twenty-first.

If it can be played, though, the quality makes up a great deal for lack of quantity; more than half the players have single-figure handicaps, the eight seeded ones are all rated at 4 or 5, and the English team does not rise above 7, at which figure there is a rare scramble for last place.

ONE might venture an opinion that England ought surely to win at last, only Scotland have such a way of confounding all such prophecies, when it is a case of team spirit, that it would be quite idle to say anything about it. The top match, between Jean Donald and Maureen Ruttle, ought to be really good golf, unless both should be too anxious to show that they are sound golfers, to be taken seriously in any company, not merely the best of a bunch of girls. Perhaps the championship might prove them not even to be that; there is plenty of opposition.

Slaking an American Thirst

Pam Barton's failure to repeat her 1936 success in the American championship at Darien, Conn., was a disappointment to her English supporters, as here discussed by Miss Helme. She was beaten at the nineteenth by Charlotte Glutting on the way up the draw; the title was finally won by Betty Jameson, of San Antonio, Texas. Here Miss Barton, the present British champion, refreshes herself during a round on the Wee Burn Course

Even if the championship has to be postponed—in which case there would probably be a difference in the entries received, necessitating a fresh draw—it is interesting to speculate on the possible chances of everyone if it comes off as arranged—September 13th to 15th. It looks rather as if Jean and Maureen might repeat their International battle in the final, as Sheila Stroyan and Joan Pemberton did last year, but one never knows.

Lally Vagliano is standing down, thinking that her younger sister will play better without her; possibly a wise decision, though we shall all miss Lally at Stoke. But reflecting that Miss Mervyn Barton might have been a top-flighter herself if she had not been overshadowed by Pam; May and Edith Leitch by Cecil, it is possible to feel that Lally has decided wisely as well as generously. Two champions in one family would be even better than one. There is a very welcome new entry from France — the Princesse Caroline Murat, who has a handicap of 7 at St. Germain. J. B. Cooke, from Kingsknowe is another newcomer, and the third is Irene Watt, from King James VI., Perth.

Foursome in a New Tournament at North Berwick

The first of an annual open mixed foursomes competition was played at North Berwick throughout last week. This quartet, which met in the second round, is Capt. C. C. Bell, R.N., and Miss M. Robertson Durham (former Scottish champion), Mrs. Edward Esmond and her son-in-law, Baron Geoffroy de Waldener. The latter pair lost by a hole

Finalists at St. Moritz

Lady Anne Fummi (right) won the Ladies' Cup at the St. Moritz-Samaden golf course by beating Mrs. Edward Law, of Philadelphia (left), by 2 and 1 in the tournament final. She is Lord Crawford's daughter

Cancellation

In view of the international situation, it was decided on Friday, September 1st, shortly before going to press, that the Girls' Championship should be cancelled. All entrants will by now have received individual notification by post of this decision

GO GREYHOUND RACING AT WHITE CITY

Whether for the O.A. Critchley Memorial Stakes, to be run on September 30th, the dramatic £3,500 "White City" at the close of the year's racing or the famous Greyhound Derby in June, training at the G.R.A. Northaw kennels proceeds at the same even tempo the whole year round. Through wooded parkland, over Hertfordshire grasslands the daily exercise takes place, under the supervision of understanding experts. The picture shows two track thoroughbreds in the care of their kennelboy

Motoring Commentary

By Alan C. Hess

For several years past I have been advocating the abolition of the amber light between the red and the green at controlled crossings, retaining it when the green is changing to red. Indeed, I made an impassioned appeal for the adoption of this principle in an article in the Bystander in 1937. Now to my joy I see that the Minister of Transport has decided to try it out.

I still say I can see absolutely nothing whatsoever against this idea and everything to commend it. And at the same time I would repeat that I think that motorists who cross after the amber has changed to red should be still more severely dealt with.

I have just tried out the new Sunbeam-Talbot 2-litre—and a very delightful little car it is. I drove both a tourer and a saloon, and in both cases I was struck by the very lively responsiveness of the engine. Acceleration was remarkable, helped, I have no doubt, by the excellent power-weight ratio of 1·15 lb. per c.c.

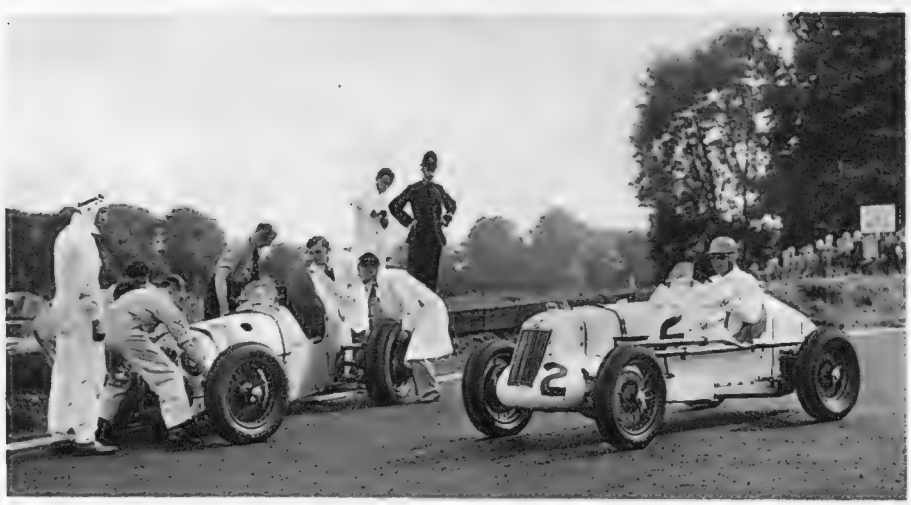
The 13·9 h.p. four-cylinder engine is remarkably sweet-running and yields a maximum road-speed of about 80 m.p.h. A feature of this engine is the special down-draught Stromberg carburettor, which incorporates a fully-automatic thermostatically-controlled choke, giving immediate starting under all weather conditions. On both cars I found 60 m.p.h. readily obtainable in third gear, while the actual gear-*change* was positive child's play, the centrally-placed gear-lever also falling conveniently to hand. I remarked on the absence of a water-thermometer from among the nicely-grouped instrument dials and was assured that its incorporation would have been utterly superfluous, as the 2-litre engine has never been known to overheat—even in hot, overseas climates. A characteristic of the saloon which I missed on the tourer was the provision of a cubby-hole in the dash on the driver's side.

The underslung chassis, with long semi-elliptic springs, front and rear, and front sway eliminator, gives notably satisfactory road-holding at all speeds on all sorts of surfaces, and the steering is pleasantly direct, but for my personal taste the 17-inch flexible steering-wheel might have been of slightly increased circumference. I found the general feeling of confidence with which this car inspires the driver, memorably augmented by the 10-inch Lockheed hydraulic brakes. I liked the instruments calibrated both in English and in metric figures—a thoughtful touch this, typical of the many *practical* features of design which make this a really distinguished modern light car.

It is available in four models: a sports saloon at £315; a sports tourer at £298; a very smart sports two-seater at £298; and a neat drop-head foursome coupé at £335.

***The 2-Litre Sunbeam-Talbot** (a foursome drop-head coupé is illustrated): Mr. Hess writes of it here*

***The Ford "Prefect":** This attractive small open tourer, priced at £155, is seen on the sands at Rye, Sussex*



***Mishap at Crystal Palace:** G. E. Abecassis, left, looks on while mechanics remove his Alta from the track after he had hit the bank during the Imperial Trophy race won by Hadley (Austin); passing is W. Esplen (Austin). Abecassis later won the Imperial Plate*

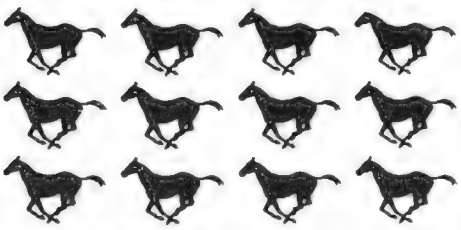
John Cobb's performance at Utah in his Railton car is absolutely magnificent. Not only are the actual records he has set up splendid in themselves, but the entire lack of fuss and heroics which has characterised his runs makes them doubly valuable as publicity for this country. Among other accessories contributing to Cobb's success were Dunlop tyres, Lucas ignition, Ferodo brake-linings, and K.L.G. sparking-plugs.

I must say yet again how much I admire the quiet, efficient manner in which Cobb has "done his stuff." To triumph so brilliantly in a land renowned for its ballyhooing of success and to emerge with dignity unimpaired is in itself a notable achievement. Apparently he might have run nearer home and fared a great deal worse. . . .

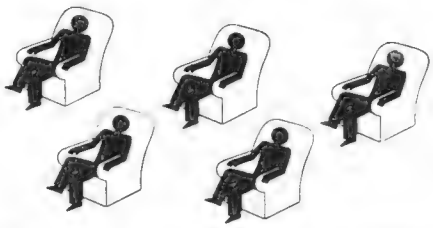
Citroën Cars, Ltd., inform me that they will add two new models to their range for the coming year—a roadster model on the "Big Fifteen" chassis, and an entirely new six-cylinder saloon. Modified power-units are to be fitted to the "Light" and "Big Fifteen" chassis, while improvements on the de luxe models include a cleaned-up facia-panel, double chevrons behind the radiator grille—all chromium-plated—a centre folding arm-rest to the bench-type front seat, and two flush-folding picnic tables in the rear. Citroën models and prices for 1940 are as follows—

"Twelve" saloon, £198; "Twelve" saloon de luxe, sunshine roof, £238; "Twelve" saloon grand luxe, sunshine roof, £250; "Twelve" roadster de luxe, sunshine roof, £268; "Twelve" roadster grand luxe, sunshine roof, £280; "Light Fifteen" saloon, £208; "Light Fifteen" saloon de luxe, sunshine roof, £248; "Light Fifteen" saloon grand luxe, sunshine roof, £260; "Light Fifteen" roadster de luxe, sunshine roof, £278; "Light Fifteen" roadster grand luxe, sunshine roof, £290; "Big Fifteen" saloon de luxe, sunshine roof, £278; "Big Fifteen" saloon grand luxe, sunshine roof, £290; "Big Fifteen" roadster de luxe, sunshine roof, £298; "Big Fifteen" roadster grand luxe, sunshine roof, £310; "Big Fifteen" seven-seater de luxe, sunshine roof, £298; "Big Fifteen" seven-seater grand luxe, sunshine roof, £310; six-cylinder saloon, £328; six-cylinder saloon grand luxe, sunshine roof, £370.

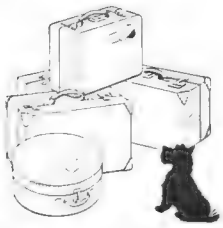
Yes, it's NEW! Yes, it's BIG-SCALE!



a lively 12-horse engine



easy-chair comfort for 5 people



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INVEST IN AN AUSTIN . . . THE CAREFREE CAR

4.G.102

The Shadow of Wings

By Charles Ward

A British Airways' liner being loaded at Warsaw Airport. Air travel to Central Europe was interrupted ten days ago, and cannot be resumed till times are normal again

R.A.F. Ready

THESE notes are written six days before publication, and the issue—peace or war—must be decided by September 6th. The R.A.F. is ready for all eventualities. It was ready on August 24th, for on that day I flew home from a short holiday abroad, and one could see signs of its preparations. It is impossible to predict the chances of peace, but when it comes, we must be certain that our air power is not neglected as it was in 1919. Probably the greatest need to-day is for more pilots, it being easier to organise the mass production of aircraft and engines, than of people to man them. It takes a long time to train a pilot up to war standard, and therefore an immediate task must be to enrol those who are fit and have already learnt the elementary art of flying.

The Civil Air Guard

THERE was much disappointment on the part of C.A.G.s at the beginning of last week, as none of them knew precisely what they would be called upon to do. Here are thousands of volunteers who have given up their spare time to flying, and, of the total in training, probably 5000 are fit for Service duties. What they need more than anything else is further time in the air on their elementary types, prior to drafting to a more advanced school. They cannot put in this extra time unless the Government pays the clubs the difference between the C.A.G. rate and the actual cost per hour. Surely this should be arranged at once in the case of all volunteers who show signs of making good pilots. They could remain at those clubs occupying aerodromes not required by the R.A.F., and other clubs could be moved en masse to fresh sites, taking their pupils with them.

Eclipse of Flying Meetings

THE Race for the King's Cup was cancelled, and also that veteran event for the Gordon Bennett balloon trophy in Poland. The last flying meeting that I attended was at Selles-sur-Cher, in France. It was what we would call at home, a typical county meeting. The aerodrome was a field, and every arrangement improvised for the great day. Ten thousand people arrived for a show which was well worth seeing, the only misadventure being a storm which cut the programme by half. Mignet was there with his latest "Flying Flea," which was flown in and out of the trees and along the front of the enclosure in most convincing style. Marcel Doret was the star turn of the day, giving the same performance, with a glider from 5000 feet, that he staged at

(*Concluded on page* iv)

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A dusty, germ-laden atmosphere or a chilly evening can easily cause a Summer cold—dangerous because it destroys the vitality you should be building up for the coming winter. Get rid of it quickly with Vapex. Breathe the pleasant vapour which penetrates to the innermost passages of nose and throat, easing the breathing, relieving any headache or stuffiness and killing the germs before they become dangerous. Vapex is perfectly safe for children.

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Dr. Scholl ONIXOL stops pain, drives out the inflammation, hardens nail groove. All Chemists & Dr. Scholl's Depots 1/3 per bottle

Dr Scholl's ONIXOL

The Wedding of the Jackal *(Continued from page 372)*

"You were talking about Jack," she said.

"My life is bounded by sloughs of despond," Mr. Cribbage went on. "There is a morass of marriage on one side of me and the sump of sin on the other. You represent firm land to me. You are attractive to be seen with; you are married with no divorced intentions, and your name is Prudence. The combination is almost unbeatable. Not that I don't find Mrs. Sylvester James very companionable, and Lady Anning's claws have velvet sheaths. But with you, you see, I know I am safe."

A dangerous gleam flickered an instant in the lady's eyes, but almost immediately she had effectively doused it.

"That must be a very satisfactory feeling for you."

"It 'd be more so if I had some sherry."

Mrs. Jack Chrichton smiled. "You won't get any of that. You 're supposed to be on the water-waggon: at least, that was what you told me last Tuesday. Browne has his orders."

Mr. Cribbage rose. "I've come here under false pretences," he said. "I thought you wanted to talk to me."

"Then you thought wrong." He looked at his watch. "I shall go to Lady Anning's."

Mrs. Chrichton remained unmoved by the threat. "By the way, which is she? The morass of marriage or the sump of sin?"

Mr. Cribbage took his dignified way to the door. "Neither," he said. "She is a very charming person and very good for me."

"I hope Alec is in."

"If her husband is in, then they 've altered the opening hours without notice."

Mrs. Jack Chrichton got up. "Won't you really have a glass of sherry?" she asked.

"I 'm going to have a bath of gin at Lady Anning's," he said. With which he left her and she immediately rang the bell. Browne answered it almost at once.

"You may bring in the sherry, Browne, but first of all catch Mr. Cribbage and tell him that Lady Anning has gone to Paris."

Browne pursued Mr. Cribbage and caught him up on the pavement.

"Mrs. Chrichton's compliments, sir, and I was to tell you that Lady Anning has gone to Paris."

Mr. Cribbage put the silver head of his cane into his mouth and looked pensively into the butler's eyes.

"Tell Mrs. Chrichton that I was quite aware of that; but I 'm going to see Mrs. Sylvester James," he said.

"A very nice lady, if I may say so, sir," Browne replied.

"You may, and you may tell your mistress so from me."

Browne did. *(Next week: "The Cocktail Hour.")*

The Shadow of Wings *(Continued from page ii)*

Gatwick last year. The final flight down-wind at a height of ten feet over the ground, drew the usual gasp from the crowd before he climbed over the trees to turn for a safe landing in front of the microphone. Aerobatics, smoke-writing, and a parachute descent were conducted with finished skill by some of the best "circus" pilots in France.

The Private Air Fleet

THERE is a wide variety of civil types in England that will be conscripted in case of emergency. The clubs and individual owners hold between them about 1000 aircraft, all of which are of some national use. The largest group is that made up of "Moths," from "Gipsy One's" to "Minors," now in active production. King's Cup entries included several Percival "Gulls" and Miles "Hawks," all of which have a good turn of speed. The Reid-Sigrist trainer is a new type of twin to be used by the R.A.F. A number of Avro "Avians" and Blackburn "Bluebirds" still exist in flying form after ten years of service. The smallest and lightest of the newcomers that were being built for the C.A.G.—the "Tipsy," "Luton Major," "Chilton," "Cygnet" and "Mosscraft"—will be most valuable as elementary trainers to give air experience to those who have never held the controls. Air-liners, from "Dragons" up to "Ensigns," are earmarked for carrying mails, supplies, and troops, whilst the fastest will be used for official transport. The Empire mail emergency plan is a secret, but every provision has been made to keep in personal touch with the Dominions, Colonies and the United States.

Who's Who in the R.A.F.

OF the seven "Commands" of the Royal Air Force at home, Air Chief Marshal Sir Edgar R. Ludlow-Hewitt is chief of the bombers which undertake counter-offensive operations as required; Air Chief Marshal Sir Hugh C. T. Dowding is chief of the fighters, in which squadrons for the defence are mustered; and Air Marshal Sir Frederick W. Bowhill is chief of Coastal Command, embracing squadrons on coastal defence and reconnaissance duty. Overseas, Air Marshal Sir William G. S. Mitchell commands the R.A.F. Middle East, Cairo; Air Vice-Marshal J. H. S. Tyssen commands British forces in Iraq; Air Marshal Sir Philip B. Joubert de la Ferté commands air forces in India; Air Commodore R. Leckie commands the R.A.F. Mediterranean, Malta; Air Vice-Marshal G. R. M. Reid commands British forces in Aden; and Air Vice-Marshal J. T. Babington commands the R.A.F. Far East, with headquarters at Singapore.

The "Bystander"

LADIES' AUTUMN FOURSOMES

(18th Year)

at Roehampton, Monday, October 9th to Friday, 13th, 1939

(By kind invitation of the Club)

HOLDERS OF CHALLENGE CUPS: MISS JOY WINN AND MRS. ARMSTRONG

CONDITIONS

Entries, made on the accompanying entrance form, will be received up to Friday, September 22nd, without limit of number or handicap, and will be acknowledged by postcard.

On September 22nd, the 190 couples with the lowest joint handicaps will be drawn to play in the match-play knock-out tournament, the eight couples with the lowest joint handicaps being seeded. The remaining couples will be placed in order of handicap on a waiting list, from which vacancies caused by withdrawals will be filled. All entrants will be notified of their position during the first week of October. Playing limit for any couple, 30 L.G.U., but couples over that may play on 30. Handicap certificates to be shown before play, but the BYSTANDER reserves the right to accept entries from players without L.G.U. handicaps, and to alter or amend any of these conditions. Play under 3/8ths of difference of combined handicaps, limited as above in a knock-out match-play tournament. Halved matches to be played to a finish, the strokes being taken at the same holes as in a complete round.

Competitors may choose their own partners, and in the event of any player's partner failing, she may substitute another up to the time she starts play, if she notifies the change in writing as soon as possible. Or she may ask to be given a partner if one is available. Alteration of handicap should also be notified at once.

As this office closes at noon on Saturday, October 7th, alterations which cannot reach Miss Helme by then should be addressed to her at 417, Upper Richmond Road, London, S.W.15, or telephoned to her there AFTER NOON *on Sunday, October 8th (Prospect 2856), so that she may deal with them before play starts on Monday morning.*

Challenge Cups to be held for one year (holders: Miss Joy Winn and Mrs. Armstrong), and replicas will be given to the winners, prizes to the runners-up and unsuccessful semi-finalists.

AUTUMN FOURSOMES AT ROEHAMPTON

WHERE TO STAY

THE FORUM CLUB, 6, GROSVENOR PLACE, HYDE PARK CORNER, S.W.1, Telephone: Sloane 6191, offers Visiting Membership, which includes the privilege of staying at the Club, to competitors. Single bedroom from 7/6 a night, meals extra as ordered. Apply to the Secretary, the Forum Club. (Roehampton Club is 20 minutes by car from the Forum; or 40 by bus and tube.)

The following hotels, recommended to competitors not wishing to stay in London, offer special terms as under:

IVY HALL HOTEL, PETERSHAM ROAD, RICHMOND. Telephone: 0435 Richmond. Twelve minutes by car across Richmond Park. 12/6 a day, including all meals; dinner, bed and breakfast, 10/6; bed and breakfast only, 8/6. Apply Manageress.

LAWRENCE HALL HOTEL, HAM COMMON, SURREY. Telephone: 3465 Kingston. Twelve minutes by car across Richmond Park. 10/6 a day, dinner, bed and breakfast. Lunch, 2/6 extra. Apply Manageress.

THE MANOR HOUSE PRIVATE HOTEL, 460, UPPER RICHMOND ROAD, PUTNEY, S.W.15 Telephone: Prospect 2484. *Two minutes from Roehampton Club.* 12/6 a day, including all meals. Apply Manageress.

ROEHAMPTON — NO ENTRANCE FEE

THE "BYSTANDER" LADIES' AUTUMN FOURSOMES (Eighteenth Year)

ENTRY FORM

To reach Miss E. E. Helme, the BYSTANDER Office, 32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4, not later than Friday, September 22nd

The "Bystander" Ladies' Autumn Foursomes—Roehampton, Monday, October 9th to Friday, 13th

PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS

Please enter

Mrs. / *Miss* .....

of .....*Club, L.G.U. Handicap*.....

Home Address.....

.....*Telephone number*.....

To play in the above handicap foursomes with

Mrs. / *Miss* .....

of .....*Club, L.G.U. Handicap*.....

Home Address.....

.....*Telephone number*.....

Please notify change of partner, handicap, or address in writing to Miss Helme, as above, up to noon on Saturday, October 7th; or by telephone (Prospect 2856) after 12 noon on Sunday, October 8th

The Golf Coupon from any one issue of the BYSTANDER *during the current month must accompany any entry for the* BYSTANDER *Monthly Spoon Competition. The Hon. Sec. of the Club must sign the card* and certify the scratch score of the course. *Cards to be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

THE "BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON — SEPTEMBER

Name { *Mrs.* / *Miss* } .....

Address .....

.....

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Getting Married: The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Pearl Freeman

Pamela Marlow

Is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James H. Marlow, of Bearwood, Wokingham, Surrey; she is engaged to Harold Warwick Edwards, son of the late Frederick Harold Edwards, and Mrs. A. Edwards, of 5, Platts Lane, Hampstead

Pearl Freeman

Muriel Knight-Rowe

Is the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. Knight-Rowe, of Rio de Janeiro; her fiancé is Norman Francis Borret, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Borret, of Landmere, Fourth Avenue, Frinton-on-Sea

Bassano

Pamela Owen

Is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Colcohoun Owen, of Northwood, Middlesex, and is to marry Kenneth Tait, second son of Thomas Tait, F.R.I.B.A., and Mrs. Tait, of Wyldes Close, N.W.11

Yevonde

Elizabeth Malet Vaudrey

Is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Vaudrey, of Astle Hall, Cheshire, and is to marry Eugene Vinaver, M.A., B.Litt., D. ès L., Professor of French in Manchester University, son of the late Sénateur Maxime Vinaver, and Mme. Vinaver, of 1, Rue de la Muette, Paris

Bassano

Mona Bayley

Is the only child of Major H. H. R. Bayley, R.A.M.C., and Mrs. Bayley, of Experimental Station, Porton, Wilts.; her fiancé is Lieut. Donald Spencer Humphrys, R.A.O.C., son of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Humphrys, of Mill House, Patcham, Brighton

Pearl Freeman

Monica Mary Bridgen

Is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. R. Bridgen, of Windmill Hill, Hurstmonceux, Sussex; she is engaged to Flying-Officer Reginald N. Stidolph, R.A.F., son of Mr. and Mrs. A. Stidolph, of Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia

Lenare

Patricia Mary McGrath

Is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Blake McGrath, of The Postern, Tonbridge, Kent, and is to marry Captain Arthur Richard Kemsley, Probyn's Horse, son of Mr. and the late Mrs. A. Unwin Kemsley, of Kelvedon, Essex

Pearl Freeman

Daphne Esther Tower

Is the daughter of Vice-Admiral F. T. B. Tower, C.B., and Mrs. E. H. Tower, of Memories Ash, Canterbury; she is engaged to Frank Maurice Beale, R.A., son of Mr. and Mrs. M. C. Beale, of The Yews, Minchinhampton

Fayer

Joan Della Gana

Joan Augusta Della Gana, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Della Gana, of Home Mead, Uckfield, Sussex, is engaged to Francis Redl, 4th P.W.O. Gurkha Rifles, son of Lieut.-Col. E. A. F. Redl, C.M.G., C.I.E., and Mrs. Redl, M.B.E., of The Sycamores, Newick, Sussex

Hay Wrightson

Barbara Mary Brooke

Is the only daughter of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. F. R. R. Brooke, of Greywell Manor, Basingstoke; she is engaged to Owen Frank Newton Dunn, the Wiltshire Regiment, second son of Dr. and Mrs. T. W. Newton Dunn, of Newlands, Salisbury

Lenare

Brenda Alexander

Is the elder daughter of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. F. O. Alexander, of Whissendine, Oakham, Rutland; she is engaged to Michael Maclagan, Fellow Trinity College, Cambridge, elder son of Sir Eric and Lady Maclagan, of 15, Queen's Gate Place, S.W.

Lenare

Elizabeth Kelso

Is the only daughter of Mr. and the late Mrs. Hugh Kelso, of Idehurst, Wilsborough Green, Sussex; her engagement is announced to Michael Donald Pope, eldest son of Comdr. R. K. C. Pope, D.S.O., and Mrs. Pope, of Adversane, Billingshurst, Sussex

Taylor — Churchill

Owing to the crisis, Walter Ross Taylor and Vera Julia Churchill were married at Poulton, Glos., two weeks earlier than they had planned. He is the son of W. Ross Taylor, M.P., and Mrs. Ross Taylor, of Castle House, Orford, Suffolk. She is the daughter of the late Colonel Mackenzie Churchill and Mrs. Churchill, of the Old Forge, Poulton, Glos.

Cathcart — Stirling

Another wedding put forward owing to the crisis was that of Charles Frederick Cathcart, son of Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Cathcart, of Drumgrange, Ardendee, Kirkcudbright, and Pamela Violet Stirling, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Douglas Stirling, of Kippenross, Dunblane, Perthshire. They were married at Dunblane Cathedral

Wood — Eccles

Lieut. James Wood, R.N., son of Charles Wood, of Shoreham, Sussex, and the late Mrs. Wood, and Susan Eccles, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Gerald Eccles, of Sussex Mansions, S.W.7, were married at Christ Church, Westminster

Mackenzie — Leach

Ian K. Mackenzie and Katharine M. Leach were married at St. James's, Spanish Place. He is the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth N. Mackenzie, of Uxbridge, Middlesex, and she is the only daughter of Captain and Mrs. Albert Leach, of Hillingdon, Middlesex

Farrow — Hall

Lieut. E. John Farrow, R.N., only son of the Rev. P. R. and Mrs. Farrow, of the Vicarage, East Lulworth, Dorset, and Oona Hall, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Hall, of Fatfield House, Fatfield, Co. Durham, were married in Durham

Lacy-Hulbert — Wilson

Denis Lacy-Hulbert, son of the late C. E. Lacy-Hulbert, and Mrs. Lacy-Hulbert, of Halfway Lodge, Esher, Surrey, and Monica Baie Wilson, daughter of the late Lt.-Col. P. N. Wilson, and Mrs. Wilson, of Drax House, Orcheston, Wilts., were married at Orcheston Parish Church

Sturdy — Wood

Donald Sturdy and Joan Dorothea Wood, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Trevor Wood, of 28, Egerton Gardens, S.W.3, and Arne House, Arne, Dorset, were married at Lady St. Mary, Wareham. The bridegroom is in the Colonial Agricultural Service, Tanganyika, is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Sturdy, of Trigon, Wareham, Dorset

Bromwich — Le Gros

Lieut. Herbert Frank Bromwich, R.N., only son of Admiral and Mrs. G. H. Bromwich, of Lyle Court, Sevenoaks, Kent, and Lorna Le Gros, daughter of the late T. A. Le Gros, and Mrs. Le Gros, of Shooter's Lodge, Windsor Forest, were married at St. Peter's, Cranbourne, Windsor Forest

Patchett — Pantin

James Patchett, son of Mr. and Mrs. G. S. Patchett, of Longdon House, near Wellington, Shropshire, and Monica Fretigny Pantin, daughter of the Hon. H. F. Pantin, of Grenada, B.W.I., and 6, Brockley Avenue, Stanmore, Middlesex, were married at St. James's, Spanish Place

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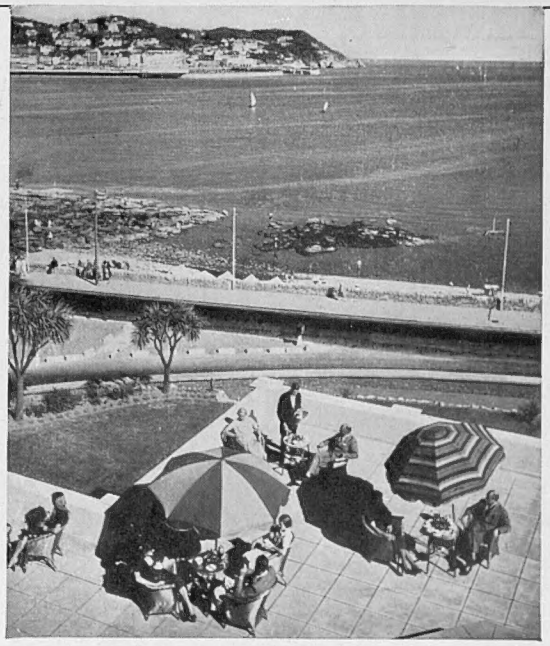

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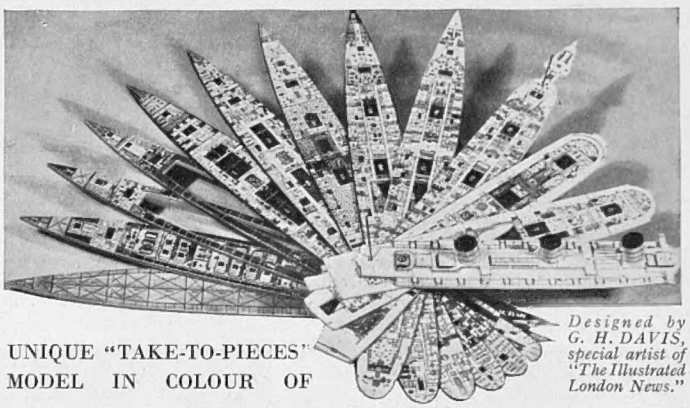

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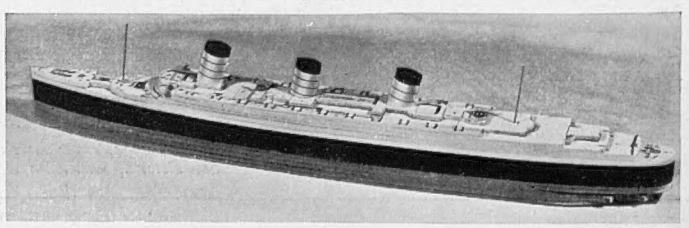

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Monte Carlo.—Hotel Terminus Palace.—1st cl. Sea front. Fac. Casino gdns. Weekly terms inc. tips and tax fr. £3. 10. With priv. bath £5

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Baden-Baden.—Hotel Frankfurter Hof.—Wholly renov., facing Kurpark, a home from home. Manager's wife English. Prices mod.

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Bad Gastein.—Hotel Straubinger.—First-class family hotel. 200 rooms. Thermal bath & hotel garage. Pension from R.M. 10 up.

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Lenzerheide.-Grand Hotel Kurhaus.-Leading 1st-class Hotel. Best pos. Large private park. Open-Air Restaurant. Terms from Frs. 13.

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Lugano (Southern Switzerland).—Majestic Hotel.—First-class. Best view, full sth. Own priv. swim. pool. Open-air rest. Mod. prices.

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